





VENUS
LOOKING-GLASS

A Rich store-house of
choice Drollery.

Exemplified

In various Comical dialogues and
witty drolling Songs and Madrigals.

As well new as old.

Compared and Contrasted.

By several Persons the most excellent
wits of this Age.

LONDON Printed

V E N U S

LOOKING GLASS

OF

A NEW SORT OF
CHOICE DIALOGUE.

By

In various Comical dialogues and
very droll songs and Madrigals

As well now as old

Comedies and Satires.

By several Persons the most eminent
Wits of this Age.

L O N D O N Printed.



Gentlemen

Here present you with a dish
of dainties, drest by severall
Sonns of *Apollo*, and car-
ved unto you by the *Servitors* belong-
ing to the Table of the *Muses*. If va-
riety cloy not, here is that will please
each paller, *prose* and *verse*, *rime* and
reason, and *reason* without *rime*, so
that he who finds fault, there is *rea-
son* he should be rim'd upon for his
folly.

If the *Authors* out of whom the most part of these things be collected, were eminently famous singly by themselves, certainly a composition of their works cannot but merit commendations in an intelligible *Reader*. Some of the verses indeed are old, but if all old things were cast away, what then would become of my *Granbam*; Others of them are spick and span new, and therefore if new or old will please thee, here is thy choice of both; If thou art satisfied with neither, lay the Book down and go about thy business; for I perceive thou hast more to do at *Gotam Colledge*, then at the *Book.sellers shop*. That writer that intends to please all, shall never please himself, for most commonly the most ignorant are most apt to finde fault. If thou wouldst know the main end of the publication of them, know, it was to gain money thereby, and what

what ever other *Authors* pretend to
in their *Epistles*, know their chief end
is profit, without which. few *Authors*
would write, fewer *Printers* would
Print, and least of all would *Book-sel-*
lers keep open shop.

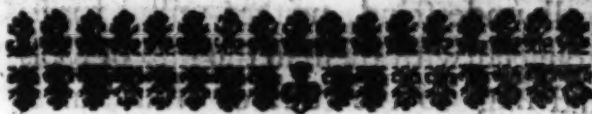
Now thou seest, besides *rime*,
here is some *reason*, why this Book
came forth, *viz.* to get money there-
by; which is thy end, my end, and
most peoples ends of their chiefest
endeavours; for with money a man
may have good Canary, a handsome
Wife, a brave house to live in, a soft
Bed to lye on, good victuals, strong
drinke, Spanish Tobacco, yea and
what not. And now let me tell thee
what thou shalt have for thy money in
buying this Book, and so I will con-
clude. Here thou shalt have (besides a
Book of ten sheets of Paper, and a
picture at the beginning of it) the
Book-sellers thanks; the *Composers*
well

well wishes, and pleasure and delight
to thy self in the reading of it; and if
all this be not enough for a shilling,
then I shall say thou art an unreasonable
Creature, and never subscribe my
self.

Thy loving

Friend.

J. O.



VENUS Looking-Glass,

Q. **W**hat's your opinion of Love?
 A. Out upon it, I will have nothing to do with it, do you call that Love which hangs on one worse then a *Tertian* Ague, makes us turn Fools, Coxcombes, and Asses, I could go to buffits and cuff this Love away from my self, *Amo amas amavi*, sweet Lady heaven save you, or the round Pox take you, and that's no less then ten of them contracted in one.

Q. Whom besides your self do you call Coxcombes?

A. Such as buy their pleasure at too dear a rate, of which they themselves receive but the least part, we live in fine times, that women should be bribed, wooed and intreated, for their own

recreation, it is a thing that I do not well understand, neither will I for so doing sail with them in the ship of fools and sing to the tune of Wits run a Woolgathering.

*— Cupid is an idle toy
 Never was there such a boy,
 If their be, Let him show
 Or his quiver or his bow,
 Or a wound by him ere got
 With a broken arrow shot.
 While the World continued good
 And men loved for flesh and blood,
 Men about them bore the dart
 That did win a womans heart,
 And the women great and small
 With the little thing they call
 Bun, and Cunny sought the men;
 These were for Cupid onely then.*

Q. From whence took Love its off-spring;

A. The Poet Hesiod makes Terra and Chaos to be Loves Parents, before the Gods were born, others will have it to be

be the same fire that *Prometheus* fetched from heaven.

Q. What are the chief pleasures and causes of Love?

A. Refreshings, rejoycings, hopefull expectations, the Dowry or Portion, preferred above Virtue, treatments, importunity and oppertunity of time and place, beauty, rich clothes, singing Balls, Dancing, Musick, full diet, idleness, amorous tales, gestures, smiles, glances, pleasant objects, wanton Pictures, Verses, Books of History, Romances, Maskes, Revels, Plays, Coachings, and Hide Parke takings of the Air, Spring-Garden Collations, Lacivious dreams, sweet sleeps on soft beds and Couches, contentation, secret familiarity, kissing, tokens, gifts and presents from the New and from the Old Exchange, promises, protestations, Bawds perfumes, Philtres &c. But the originall cause of Love ariseth from contemplation which forces the Lover to admire the object and to desire for to en-

4 *Venus Looking-Glass.*

joy it, which is the mark Love aims at.

Q. What are those three sorts of beauty which are most admired?

A. Of the body, of the voice, and of a virtuous minde.

Q. What doth cast a greater heat then fire?

A. Beauty, which not onely fires those that come near, but those also that a farre off behold it, tis Cupids burning glass with which he inflames the most frozen and chastest Anchorite.

Q. What gives beauty its esteem and true value?

A. The use of it.

Q. What is the best way and the speediest to cure Love?

A. To let the Lovers have the enjoyment of their desires, *Æsculapius* himself cannot invent a better remedy, the preparations that a youthfull Lover hath a priviledge too are nothing without this of enjoying, alas, what signifies seeing, speaking, kissing, touching or feeling groping as some call it without fruition,

fruition, this is that nimble executioner that hath whipt off such infinite numbers of maidenheads, and makes good the old saying,

Blessed be the doing.

That is not long a doing.

Q. How many severall ways have the ancients pictured and Emblemized Cupid.

A. Severall wayes, blind, because Love makes so much use of the darke, naked, because all the actions of Love are such as should not be dessembled, bare-headed, to shew that amongst Lovers there should be nothing but secret and concealed, with a window or gate on his brest, wherein these words were written *farre of & at hand*, to shew that he that is a true Lover must Love as well in absence as in presence, Sometimes with these words *Life and death*, to expresse that Love endureth both in Life and after death, Appelles painted him with these words on his forehead

Spring and Summer, to decipher that in Love there is both prosperity and adversity they pictured him with wings, to shew that a Lovers desires aime at high things, with flowers in one hand and a fish in the other, to declare that he was Lord both of sea and Land; The Poets feigned that he was brought up by *Venus* in the Garden of *Adonis* amongst flowers, to signifie that as they though in their buds give us early expectations of their beautifull appearance and pleasant sents, so Love nourisheth and entertaineth all his servants with continuall hopes of enioying of the so much expected fruit, *Zenxer* painted him in a green robe, to express the spring of youthfull Lovers, The Poets also feigned him to be alwayes a Child, to signifie that those that surrender and submit themselves to the scepter of his dieties as much as in their Lyes forfeit their understandings and make Children and fools by themselves.

Q. What is Love usually compar'd to;

A. To a Crocodile; whose nature is to follow those that fly from him, and to fly from those that pursue him, to a ship in a storm, because of the great dangers Lovers meet with before they cast anchor in the safe harbour of their mistresses armes, to a perfect musician, because he tuneth and harmoniseth those spirits and affections which before disagreed.

Q. What are the usuall signes by which one doth discover himselfe to be in Love,

A. Marry in my judgment they are very strang ones: he walkes with his armes wreathed like a malecontented for saken shepard, he Loves to be alone, and seperates himselfe from company as if he had the pestilence; whereas he formerly sung like a *Robin red brest*, he now sighs like a schoole boy that hath lost his Satchel of books, he Looks like a *Chungling*, stares like a madman,

B 4

speaks

Speake like a puling Irish beggar after Low mass, fasts like one that hath taken Centry for the wormes, watches like an userer that is fearfull of being robbed, and weeps like a young wench that hath lost her Granam, and so on to the end of the Chapter.

Q. What did the Poets signifie by Jupiters being transformed into so many shapes,

A. What else but that a man must make a beast of himselfe if he expects to obtain but an ordinary curtesie from a woman,

Q. How came kissing to be used; from whence was the custom of it first derived;

A. From the Trojan wives, who being tired by long and tedious voiajes at sea at last arrived in the pleasant country of Italy, they resolved to be tossed no more on the turbulent waves, therefore they concluded amongst themselves, when their husbands were a shoar, busied in the conquest of that countrey, that they would fire the ships, and

and by that means quit themselves of any further fear of transportation, and accordingly did so, but when they considered how the high displeasures of their husbands were Likely to fall heavy on them even with death it selfe, they resolved upon this way of pacification, which was that at the return of their husbands, every one of them should use this kind of welcome, by kissing and saluting on the Lipps; which before that time was not used nor known; their husbands wondred and were amazed at the novelty of this complements; but Liking wondrous well the Luscivious touch of their womans Lipps, they became indulgent to them, and were afterwards complacent; from which time kissing hath been of great use and esteem. Questionless it is a kind of earnest of what followes, a Prologue to the Play, a Preface to the work, a sealing of what is to be afterwards delivered.

Q. Why are the angers of Lovers of so short a continuance;

A.

A. Because they fall out for trifles.

Q. *What are Love oaths and protestations Like;*

A. Marriners prayers when the storme is over they are not the same men, a seaman in a great tempest made a vow to God that if he would be pleased to let him but come to shore he would never eat powder'd beef again, being safely Landed, he cryed out and said; not without mustard good Lord, not without mustard.

Q. *Whats the reason that so many Love, and are not Loved again;*

A. By reason of their different complexions.

Q. *Why doe women Love black men;*

A. Because they are more hot, the white and other are colder, though rather then fail they are for any complexion.

Q. *Why are those that are soonest in Love, soonest out of it;*

A. They are like those that play at foot-ball and use violent exercises quickly

quickly hot, but afterwards the colder, or like those that ride a fast gallop and are quickly tired.

Q. Why are all things more inclined to Love in the Spring time then at any other season.

A. Love in the Spring time draws and attracts more forcibly, then the clouds are driven by the wind *Cecius*, or the Iron embraced of the Loadstone, or the straw by the jet or Amber, this is the season that invites to the sport, the blood is more fervent and hot, tis *Valentines* coupling time when every bird chuses his mate,

Q. Are you acquainted with the usuall expressions and wishes of those that would make their mistresses beleive that they are desperately in Love,

A. Yes very well, one he sighes sobs and swears that his heart is bruised to powder, dissolved and melted within him, or quite gon from him, (who knowes; perhaps to the bosome of his mistress.) some times he thinkes himselfe

self an oven, a *Salamander* in the fire so scorched with Loves heat, at other times he wishes himself a saddle that his mistress might ride a stride over him, forgetting that she uses to ride sideling on a pinion, sometimes he wishes himself a posie for her to smell to, and it would not greive him, no that it would not to be hanged, if he might be strangled in her garters, though she had bepist them; he would willingly dye to morrow, so that she would kill him with her own hands, *Cattullus* would be his Mistress *Phillip* her sparrow to nuzzle in her bosome; *Ovid* his Mistress flea to fetch blood from her as if she had bin a very witch, every one of them would be somewhat or other rather then fail though to be Puppies and fooles.

Q. Why do Lovers so usually write with that juice of onions and Lemmons,

A. That their secret Love may be concealed till the flames of their affection are revealed only to one another by holding the white innocent Paper of

of there Love-sick fancies to the fire.

Q. Why are women said to be more constant then men ;

A. Virgil and other Poets have accused them of extreame Lightness and inconstancy; Nevertheless (though I am unwilling to confess so much) my judgment reason and experience combates for their vindication : reason in as much as that they are colder then men, and the nature of cold is to shut and constantly to retain, the mans hot temper is quite contrary for it unties, disunites, and dissolves. Experience also confirms it, for that we oftener see women deceived by men, then men by women ?

Q. Can you express your selfe in any of those set formes that Lovers use to court a Mistress with ;

*A. I have been a dissembling flattering servant to a Mistress and have not quite forgot some of my own Complements, as I remember I used to accost my Lady in this manner, Madam, I
hope*

hope I stand fair, and that I am as fit
for your embraces as any person Living,
tis but to try my courtship I presume
that you are thus coy, to draw a more
ample testimony from me of my af-
fection; by protestations, prayers and
Complements which are the weakest
ceremonies due to Love, meer noise,
(and like that of kissing) Lip labour
with the Losse of time I am above the
common art of humourists that cringe
and creep by the weak degrees of
Love to kiss the hand cheek Lip or
the eye, and then to crie O divine touch
afterwards to be intranced and to loose
my self in the milkie way of the *Elizium*
of your bosome, my desires speak them-
selves in Loves fire raging in my eyes
with heat enough to melt unwillingness,
and the most frozen brest, Methinks I
find you yeilding, and so I talkt on till
I was out of breath and that I found
her comming.

*Q. Sir you have unceased your selfe
and shewed what I ever took you for a
right*

right Sir Gregory in the Play, I protest and vow never credit me Lady; *onely* his part was to speak nonsense yours a studied cheat, but to wave your courtship and to take up again our former discourse;

A. What are accounted the worst verses in Ovid *de arte amandi*.

Q. What is the center of Love,

A. Pleasure, recreation, variety of delights, but above all that of Love and venery have the greatest power over mortalls.

Q. How comes it to passe, that we Love those that we never saw;

A. This kind of Love is entertained upon reputation when we beleive that they have some perfection, and so we love&honor them as much at a distance as if the objects were neer us: for great persons are like to tapestries, which seem fairer a farre off, then neer at hand.

Q. What two things are too hard to be concealed;

A. A chinn Couch and the passion of Love,

Love, And *Venus* her self is said to hate secrecy for when she is in her noble and pleasant dresse, she is then a pure white and melting *Adamite*, and to indue her with any ornament is to veile her perfections.

Q. What two things doth the eye most betray that a man would keep secret;

A. Love and drunkenness.

Q. Why are the Italians at this day generally so good Poets and Painters;

A. Because every man of fashion amongst them hath his Mistress, the meer countrey Clown if once he taste of this Love liquour is inspired in an instant, instead of Odes, Epigrams, and Elegies &c. he'l have his Ballads his countrey tunes, come my pretty Bonny sweet Betty-- Nay more he will adventure to indite all in rime, he will have his wakes, his whiteson Ales, his shepards feasts, his meeting on holidays his presents at fairs, he will drink sack and sugar to his girle when they meet
at

at markets, and after evening prayer at the next house to the Church (which is the alehouse) he will have his Country dances or firke it about the may pole or tickle the rushes with his hob-nailed shoes in the great hall, he will have his round delays, and adventure to write his and his wenches name in true Lovers knots and prettie Gifts.

*With tokens, hearts divided and halfe rings,
Shepards in their Loves, are as coy as Kings.*

Q. Prethee what is a maidenhead;

A. I was about to aske you, for my part I Look upon it as a Chimera a meer fancie, tis true tis very much adored and made much of by prettie Girles that as Long as they have it cannot tell themselves what it is, yet forsooth they keep such a coile about it when they thinke they have lost it, I pray who ever found one. I have often heard some wo : en say, that they would not be put to the trouble for Loosing their maiden-
C heads

heads again, might they have ten times the worth of it, and that is (I think) as much as comes to an imaginary nothing.

Q. Whats the reason women Love those most ardently and constantly which have had their maidenheads;

A. This is for that the woman receives her perfection from her coupling with the man as the matter by the union of the forme; till which time she could not purchase that name of woman except from the man who gives that title as a beginning to her perfection; nor can the woman doe otherwise then highly respect him, who had the richest and fairest gage of her Love, which is her virginity.

Q. Can a maiden-head be lost, yet the female not be married, nor hath entertained unchast thoughts;

A. Yes, her head might be cut off whilst she was a maid, and so her maiden-head might be gon.

A Maiden-head Riddle,

*Whats that you call a Maiden-head,
A thing oft smother'd in a bed,
Which few have now, which all have had,
Thats freely given, yet makes one sad,
At fifteen rare, at eighteen strange,
Which either Loose when two do change,*

*Q. Why have old men the repulse
from young women;*

*A. June and Januay are too differ-
ent moneths.*

Q. What is an Hermophradite;

*A. Of the common gender of two,
when his Mother bore him she went to
the Gods to know what she had con-
ceived, whether a male or a female;
Phœbus said it was a male, Mars a fe-
male, Juno said neither, but an Her-
mophradite.*

Q. What is an Eunuch.

*A. One that is neither man nor
women.*

Q. Why doe women delight so much in sweet smells and perfumes;

A. Because they are the children of *Venus*, of whom the Poets tell us that she never went to any place without leaving of a fragrancie or an excellent perfume behind her, besides they either open the appetite or else provoke *Venus*, modesty commands me not to reveal this secret.

— *Q. What doth a womans Love, resemble;*

A. The shadow of our bodies as our shadow if we run towards, it doth flye away from us, and if we run from it, it doth follow us: so the Love of a woman, if we fondly pursue it, will flye from us, but if we set slight by it and dildain it or seem to run from it, it will overtake us according to the Poets?

— *Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to flye, it will pursue you;
So court a woman, she denies you,
Let her alone she will court you.*

Q.

Q. Why doe females arive sooner to their growth then males ;

A. According to the old saying ill weeds grow a pace, and also as in all artificiall things, those which are done in most haste are worst accomplished ; so nature imployed less time to the increase of females, as being less perfect and of the worser sexe,

Q. What creatures of all other are the most wanton ;

A. Infatiate women, according to the old verse,

*One Cock sufficeth twice five Hen,
Scarce one Lewd woman thrice five men.*

Q. Why doe women dance so Long — and are not tired ;

A. Because it stirres the mass of their blood in which they abound and is to them a kind of a tickling and pleasing venery, the exercise it self being Lascivious and but another kind of wagging of their wagtails.

Q. Why doe women delight so much in sweet smells and perfumes;

A. Because they are the children of *Venus*, of whom the Poets tell us that she never went to any place without leaving of a fragrancie or an excellent perfume behind her, besides they either open the appetite or else provoke *Venus*, modesty commands me not to reveal this secret.

— *Q. What doth a womans Love resemble;*

A. The shadow of our bodies as our shadow if we run towards, it doth flye away from us, and if we run from it, it doth follow us: so the Love of a woman, if we fondly pursue it, will flye from us, but if we set slight by it and disdain it or seem to run from it, it will overtake us according to the Poets?

— Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to flye, it will pursue you;
So court a woman, she denies you,
Let her alone she will court you.

Q.

Q. Why doe females arive sooner to their growth then males ;

A. According to the old saying ill weeds grow a pace, and also as in all artificiall things, those which are done in most halt are worst accomplished ; so nature imployed less time to the increase of females, as being less perfect and of the worser sexe,

Q. What creatures of all other are the most wanton ;

A. Insatiate women, according to the old verse,

*One Cock sufficeth twice five Hen,
Scarce one Lewd woman thrice five men.*

Q. Why doe women dance so Long — and are not tired ;

A. Because it stirres the mass of their blood in which they abound and is to them a kind of a tickling and pleasing venery, the exercise it self being Lascivious and but another kind of wagging of their wagtails.

Q. Why are women for the most part fatter then men;

A. Because their natures are colder then mens; and they Labour less which is in plain English that they are Lazier,

Q Wherefore is it said whats a womans defence but her Tongue,

A. Because anciently they had no other defence nor weapon, but that, but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, Teeth and nailes,

Q. What kind of people are those that doe not sleep in their own faces;

A. women that paint; and put on other faces then nature gave them, under which fained fairness they strive to conceal age and wrinkles, but betray their inclinations to youthfull actions.

— Q. What may a young beautifull woman be compared too that is abroad and alone ;

A. To a Deer broken out of the Parke for any one to take her up.

Q. What are most women Like?

*A. They are Like a peice of Grogram
always*

always fretting, or the quick-sands which seem firme but if a man comes to tread upon them as the cock doth on his hens, he shall be sure to fall in over head and ears.

Q. Why have women no beards;

A. Because that the substance which should convert into the beard doth turn into the hair of their heads, yet most of them have reverend bushes though they are not like the Scotch womans, by every one to be seen for two pence a peice.

Q. What is it that women doe most desire, and yet most feare;

A. They desire to be got with child, but they are fearfull of the endurance of a bad Lying in,

Q. How can you answer to the burthen of the old song, that if there be one good woman amongst nine bad ones, theres yet one good in ten;

A. One good woman in ten; would God would serve the world so all the year, I'de find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten

quotha, and we might have a good woman born but at every blazing starre, or Earth-quake; 't would mend the Lottery well, a man may draw his heart out ere he pluck one good one;

— *Q. What features most adorn and grace a woman;*

A. Her personage comely, her body streight, and well limmed, her haire Apolloed golden ore, her skin clear, her forehead stately and high, her eyes sparkling like Diamonds, her nose well proportioned, her neck long and white as Ivory a little mouth, her Lippes full and of a cherry redness and long, her thighes plump; her buttocks fat and round, her feet small, for the rest she being so handsome the venture is the Lesier,

Q. What is that which most delighteth, and most deceives a woman;

A. A mans dissimulation set off with a Rhetoricall smooth tongue, so that it delighteth like the Syrens songs, and turns to as deceitfull and often to as an
unfortunate

unfortunate a conclusion as the *Crocodiles* tears,

Q. What if all the women werelike patient Grizell?

A. Then we might make Christmas blocks of all the cuckling stooles.

Q. Why doth Beautie and honestie so seldome agree together in woman.

A. Because thrait personages have often crooked manners, fair faces foul vices and good complexions ill conditions, and beautie is full of treachery and to be very much suspected, if a man beyondsea hath three or four daughters or more, and they are beautifull they are quickly married, if deformed and ugly they are perhans thrust into Nunners, as if none were fit for marriag but such as are very handsome,

Q. Why doe women learn the Roman hand;

A. Because they despair of being good secretaries.

Q. What construction do you make of a womans tears;

A.

A. It is very hard to distinguish of them, for once they proceed from true sorrow they are a hundred times from deceit, sometimes from anger sometimes from one passion sometimes from another; to be sure she can command them upon all occasions and if she be a very woman: she needs no other stock to set up with all then the fair or foul weather of her own dissimulation.

Q. What should a man do when he is forced to salute a very ill favoured woman;

A. Shut his eyes,

Q. Why do Ladies delight to ride so much in coaches with their Gallants,

A. Because they delight to have their breeches soundly jogged.

Q. Why are women so Light;

A. Because they wear Cork heeld shoes.

Q. Why should a man never discover his secrets to women,

A. What water doth a sieve contain,
three things Cato repented of, to have
overslipped

overslipt a day and not to have increas'd his knowledge, to have gone by sea, when he might have went by land; and to have comitted his secrets to a woman which cannot keep her own ;

Q. What are the right properties of a woman,

A. To take and not give.

Q. In what things should a woman be like unto a ship, in what things not,

*A. In this, a ship is the greatest moveable that a man possesseth, and yet is turned and guided by the stern, a little peice of wood, so must the wife be willing, to be guided by the direction of her husband, and as it sails not but by deliberation sounding and compass, so must not she walk but by discretion and judgment. But in this she must be unlike, for as one ship may belong to many merchants, and many of them may be owners in one ; so must not the wife, she must properly belong but to one ; and as a ship of all the goods a man possesseth cannot be housed, a
wife*

wife of all things must not have too much libertie to goe abroad; and lastly a ship may be painted but a woman should not.

Q. Why do the drowned bodies of men swimme upwards and those of women downwards;

A. Because Nature her self hath a civill reſpect and ſpeciall regard to the modeſty of women, perhaps more then ſome of them have to themſelves,

— *Q. Why are young women ſo prone to laugh;*

A. Because they are tender and delicate, and laughter which is a ſpice of joy tickles them as it were all over, young plump laſſes having been ever well pleaſed with the merry Laugh and and the lye down.

— *Q. What is marriage;*

A. A paradise on earth if it's Lawes are obſerved, but a hell in the houſe if its ſtatutes are broken.

— *Q. What is a marriage Life like;*

A. Tis like *Dædalus* Labyrinth, if a
man

man be once in, ther's no finding the way out, it makes a man forfeit his freedom, for he walkes ever after with a chain at his heels, tis like a bottle tied to a dogs taile he must run on with it till it falls off till death parts, for his wife like a Jackanapes will still hang at his elbow, and if he hath an ugly wife he is miserable;

*Who takes a woman foul unto his wife,
Doth penance daily yet sinnes all his life.*

Q. VVhat thinke you of hasty (I might as well have said of unlucky marriages) as that of the German Princess and others that have happend of late dayes;

A. Were all women of my opinion, they should not marrie without the approbation of ten Doctors and seven midwives at least, you have not heard of so many stories concerning dilapidations as I have; which makes me even with tears Lament the condition of well meaning

meaning women that have had the hard luck to meet with such do-littles.

— *Q. What are those things that chiefly disturb Marriage,*

A. Three things, the first is to marry unseasonably that is too young, the second is when they are deficient and impotent and cannot get their wives with Child, for as a Learned author concludes very well, those that are married not to get Children, but onely to satisfy their own concupiscence, are not husbands but beasts, and deserve to be made cuckolds.

Q. How may the married Life be quiet and peaceable,

A. If the man be deaf and the woman be blind; for either of them must conceal some things: that she being blind may not be peeping and prying into every action of her husband, and that he being deaf, may not hear his wife Zantippe or advance tippet continually brawling and scolding either abroad or at home,

Q.

Q. How comes it that the husband —
for the most part seeks, the wife, and
not the wife the husband,

A. Because that man seeks that which
he lost formerly, that is his rib, which
was taken out of his side in the forming
of the woman, and therefore when a
man marries a wife he doth but fetch
back that crooked rib which he first lost.

Q. In what places are wives of best
use and most fit,

A. In the bed and in the tombe.

Q. What is the chusing of wives fitly
compared to;

A. To the plucking by casuality of
Eels out of a bag, where for every Eele
are twenty snakes.

Q. Why do severall Poets expresse that —
the girdle of Virginitie was unknot and
untied after the solemnitie of marriage.

A. To signifie that they had changed
their estates and were set free and at
libertie to lye with any other if their
husbands would not let them lye with
them, or were jealous without a cause.

Q.

Q. VVho hath most pleasure on the bridall night the bridegroom or the bride;

A. The Bride, this may be descerned by her joyfull and cheerfull countenancce the next morning she looks so fresh blith and merry blushing like *Aurora* newly risen from *Tythons* bed,

Q. By what reasons were the aucient Poets used to condemn two marriages,

A. By comparing the adventure of such a one to the wracked seamen, that once ashore will to sea again.

Q. VVhat thinke you of an old man married to a young woman.

A. When *Saturn* is coupled to *Venus* tis no propitious conjunction.

Q. VVhats your opinion of a widdow newly got into her mourning.

A. She will dissemble rarely, and weep as if she had squeased the juice of onions into her eyes; that she may the sooner get another husband, and the better conceal the delight she takes in her long veil and black gown, the more she

she seems to make an outward show of greife, she laughs the more in private, to pass away the time till she doth again taste man, she will often fetch a customary sigh for her departed husband, when she is assured to another who walkes but in the next room, the imagination of the pleasant Conflicts that she is to have with her new Love, makes her to seem to weep before the people, though it be but to tickle the spleen of her inward joy.

Q. Which is rather to be chosen a maid or widdow?

A. Herein for my part I am somewhat put too't: the Poet *Hesiod* perswads his brother to marry a maid, that he might train her up in the path of honesty: but by your Leave Mr. Poet I have something to say to the contrary, for tis less danger to chuse a widdow that hath been virtuously matched already; the labour is with her saved: besides that industrie and double dilligence that must be used to get a maiden-head, and

D

what

what needs a man thrust himself though a quickset hedge, when there is a beaten road before him, The *Spaniards* hold a clean contrary opinion, for it hath bin a resolution of theirs from antiquity: that they will not marry a widdow though she be never so young, handsome or wealthy: and to this effect one of them expressed himself.

In qua quis periit, non bibo dixit aquam.
 I will no widdow wed, my reasons sound
 Ile drinks no water wherein one was
 drown'd.

Q. What think you of a very old, rich, miserable, mumping widdow that makes no conscience of dying; that her spend-thrift heir may consume and make flye her wretchedly and covetously hoarded estate.

A. Hang her, I cannot thinke otherwise of her then that she will have another supply of her grinders, and a third hair for whatsoever comes on't shee's resolved not to dye; though her breath would already infect an army and rout them

them sooner with the stench of it then the fury of the Canon, & lay a divel then all *Trithemius* charms, the very breath that she blusters out of her nostrills is farre worse then the wind in a foul chimney, and for her gate with which she makes all the haste she can to the Doctor to preserve her rotten Lungen tis such as if her nose did strive to out run her heels, shee's just fixe yards behind, and when that appears it saves her ancient Lady-ship a Gentleman usher not to take any notice of her aches rheums and continual Coughing, when her plaisterd mouth doth drop which is alwayes against foul weather she so wriths it, that it looks just like a ruffled boot, or an oild papered Lanthorn: her nose the candle in the midst of it. Tis true and most unquestionably visible that *December* is in her face which she still imagines to be no other then the youthfull Spring; sure the surveyor of the high wayes will have to do with her for not keeping of her countenance passable

fable ſhe never takes notice how there
 Lyes a hoary froſt on her head, nor yet
 of the conſtant thaw in her noſe, nor
 how ſhees like a peece of firewood
 dropping at both ends and yet burning
 in the middle, pox take her ſhe conceits
 her ſelf to be young though her guts
 ſqueake like kit ſtrings, they muſt come
 to that within two or three yeers, by that
 time ſheel be true perfect cat, they pra-
 ctice before hand, yet ſtill ſhe conceits
 her ſelf to be but a kitling in compari-
 ſon of an old hag. The truth is ſhe bath
 nothing left her that may ſtile her a
 woman but luſt and her tongue, no
 fleſh but what the vices of the Sex
 exact to keep her in heart, ſo leane, ſo
 withered, ſo out of caſe that it were
 abſurd to call her devil incarnate, yet
 this unconſcionable old widdow as you
 have ſaid, will not dye and leave her
 rubbiſh of the world behind to ſtop the
 mouths of her young unthrift Heirs cre-
 ditors, till that ~~that~~ we hear the devill
 himſelf takes her and carries her away a
 pick

pick pack as he did Doctor *Faustus*, the devil must bestow the pains to fetch her alive, for the unconscionable old Witch will never yield to dye, to save her kinsman the Prince of darkness that labour.

Q. Sir seeing you are so merrily conceited, I shall presume to employ your fancy on a very light subject, what is lattine for a Whore?

A. Meretrix, though they are sad ones to some persons. Our Nation is so well acquainted with Epithites that belong to them, that they need no English Dictionary, I shall instance but a few of them, Hackny Jades, Loose Livers, Uptails, Wanderers, Wastcoat-teers, Bulkiers, Cicely-bumtrickets, Mobs, Mistris Hussy, Lady Errant, Jades in Smithfield, Dancers on the high Rope, Convenient boldness, a Lady of pleasure, Mistris Lemman, Landabrides, Concubine, Trull, venereal Catterpillers, Medler, openarse, a peice of impudence, one that plaid a man too much at Ta-

bles, Lady wag-taile, Courtizan, Cockatrice, Drab, Punk, Wench, Scotch Covenant Bitch, one of mine Aunts, Infatiate, exquisite, Lascivious, Ram-mish, Pittifull, Wheasing, Stinking, Pocky, with infinite other names and titles that are deservedly bestowed upon them to distinguish and brand them from others. *Q. What is a Whore like?*

A. One of the temperate Zones cold at both ends and hot in the middle.

Q. What part of speech is a Whore?

A. Shees a Verb common, and requireth a Dative Case, and a Hector is an Adverb of swearing which is commonly joyned to that Case.

Q. Why may a Whore be compared to the Neuter Gender?

A. Because shees for thee or me or any man.

Q. What are the lessons that a Whore is perfect in?

A. Ile repeat you a few of them, loving, hateing, laughing, weeping, promising, denying, swearing, forswearing, lying,

Lying all manner of ways, Cheating the Pox and picking of Pockets, together with that necessary implement her Pimpe she makes as much use of these gifts as a Plough-man doth of his Bread and Cheese.

Q. Why do they use to say that nature is very pittifull to Whores?

A. Because she gives them but few children, and yet those children have many fathers.

Q. How do Whores come by their fine clothes?

A. Onely for taking up.

Q. How doth a Whore usually salute?

A. With her mouth open, her left hand in the Leachers Codpice, and her right hand in his Fob or Pocket.

Q. What may a Whores dressing and trimming up of her self be compared too?

A. To a French Cooks garnishing of his dish to provoke the Appetite.

Q. In what part of the house doth a whore use to Lie?

A. Backwards and to let out her fore rooms.

Q. Why did Paris desire to see the three Goddesses Juno, Pallas and Venus, stark-naked?

A. Because many women are often handsome above stairs, that are very ill favored and deformed below; to the tune of I love day light and a Candle----- which the Rebell Troopers when the Devil reigned trumpeted in St. Pauls Cathedrall.

Q. What do whores undrest, without their false hair and their Paint wiped off resemble?

A. They are like to flead Cats.

Q. What may a whore be compared to when she is amongst her Lovers?

A. To the beauty of a fair picture, which looks with the same aspect on all that come, with so smiling and Cerene a brow, that every one of them thinks himself most concerned in her.

Q. How doth a whoremaster after he hath been at rack and manger finde himself the next morning?

A. His ears are quite down, alas poor

poor sinner he hath shot a more dangerous gulfe then that of *Curtius*, oh the Devil these wenches are unsatiable Leeches, the Gentleman draws his Legs after him like a lame dog, a rack is a recreation to women. The whore hath lain cross upon his back, oh how she hath stung him, he snuffles in his nose but dares not blow it for fear it should be loose in the hilts, he looks as lanke and as lean as if all the marrow were pickt out of his bones and all the mony out of his pocket.

Q. How doth a whore cully her placket customers?

A. She proportions her demands according to what she findes the simpletons are, she kisses, flatters and embraces the Millener for his Ribands, Hoods scarfes, Gloves, Jessimin butter, sweet powders, &c. The Goldsmith hath a nights lodging promised him for his Rings, Bracelets or a piece of Plate, and so for the rest, to be short she will get something, she will have a fleece out

out of every one of them, if she hath to deal with a wary cully, she will lay him down one half for the commodity with a promise within a short time to pay him the other half, which she intends to do when the Devil is blind, for she knows that she hath him upon the hip, he dares not take any rigorous course against her (for the more he stirs the more he will stink) there is a block in his way, the publike disgrace he must lye open too of the world, she knows that if the worst comes to the worst that she hath no more to do but to pay him in her own coin, commodity for commodity.

Q. Why do whores cast from them such an evill favour?

A. Pox take them bnt what needs that wish, they already stinke worse then a Rat that hath lain dead so many days behind the hangings, they are thus sented from their being so common, and they smell so Rammish because they so continually make their husbands

bands such But-wils or Ram-heads.

Q. How doth a whore behave her self when she hears the merry half Crowns chinke?

A. She chatters, winks, and pinks with her Eyes, mouths it for Kisses, is very buxsome, and holds up her breech and stretches out her Paw like a *Monkey*, for an Apple or a Nut.

Q. Which of the two are most lascivious, a Man or a Woman?

A. The *Poets* of old made us believe, that *Tyresias* was struck blind by *Juno*, after he had been transformed from a Man into a Woman; and what was it for, but forsooth for his unjust Judgment, as she would have it, on their Sex. For after his re-transformation to a Man, on a time *Jupiter* meeting with him, asked him a merry question, viz. Whether a Man or a Woman took the most pleasure in the Sports of *Venus*? To which he answer'd positively, That the Woman did. *Solomon* says, That there are four Things never satisfied, the Grave, the Womb, the Earth, and the Fire. We
may

may instance for a President, the *Roman* Empress *Messalina*, That after her so many shameless Congressions said, that she was tired out, but not satisfied.

— *Q. Why is it said that a Whoremaster partakes of the Nature of a Dog?*

A. Because (if it were possible) he would line every Bitch that he meets.

Q. What is the Corruption of the Feminal quality?

A. The Generation of the *French Pox*.

Q. Who do they say was the Father of the Pox?

A. A Monsieur, and therefore 'tis always *a la mode*: neither as the World goes now, a man is not accounted for a right Gentleman, except he hath had the Pox three times.

— *Q. Why is it said, that the Pox by its Occupation, partakes much of a Barber-Surgeon?*

A. Because a man that hath it for his Companion, needs neither Shaver nor Tooth-

Tooth-drawer. It hath also a smatch of the Alchimiſt; for it will in a ſhort time melt all the Money out of a man's Pocket. If you have a mind to enquire further of the ſeveral Operations of it; 'tis but entring your ſelf into a Club ſomewhere about *Covent-Garden*, where the Pocky Souldiers of V E N U S meet once a week; there is a Report, that the Maimed Whores are about ſetting up of another inſtitution, but as yet I cannot inform you where.

2. Why do young Whores for the moſt part turn old Bawds?

A. When they are grown old and ugly, and paſt their labour, then they ſet up for themſelves, and entertain others to trade for them; for theſe ſtrange kind of Chriſtians have ſo much Charity left them, that they would have others that are to begin the World to be inſtructed, that they may be the better acquainted how to mannage thoſe pleaſures, and to go through thoſe pains that they have formerly endured, (and Experience

perience you know, is a great part of the Wisdom of this Life) and because it is too late for them to be ashamed, they will not be wanting to others, to make them to be shameless.

Q. Can you give me an account of a Trick that a Countrey-Lass served a Gentleman?

A. A Gentleman desired a fresh Countrey-Girle, the while his Lackey held his Horse, to step with him into a private place to pluck a Rose; but she desired him, that he would permit her first to pull off his Boots, because that she was unwilling to spoil her Coats and Stockings with the Wet and Durt of them: He condescended; but she, like a cunning Gipsie, plucked his Boots but half off, and ran away; leaving him in that distressed plight so intangled, with much ado he got up; but at the first step he made to follow her, he fell down flat upon his Face amongst the Thorns and Brambles, which did so lamentably and wretchedly scratch and
tear

tear his Countenance, that what with his fall, together with his amazement, at this strange adventure, it was a good while before he came to himself, so as either to call, or whistle a Tune for his Lackey to come and help him: If all Whoremasters and Smell-smocks were so clapper-clawed for plucking their Roses, they would take more delight in the sent of a fir reverence what do you call it then of their pocky whores.

Q. Why do they call a Bawdy-House an old Nunnery?

A. Because on the Shrove-Tuesday Assaults and Batteries, the Materials 'tis built of, are found to be as brittle, as the flesh that is in it. It hath also other Names, as the Vaulting-School, the Chuck and the Huck-string-Office, a Brothel, a Stew, the Amorous Chace the hole in the wall; 'tis called an Office, because of severall Fees belonging to its Retainers.

Q. You have already mentioned Mrs. Whores Epithites, many of which of the Daughters

Daughters are near of Kin to the Mother
 — Bawds: waving those, what are the other
 Titles, that properly belong to the Old
 Gentlewoman?

A. The Old Matron, the Abbess, or
 Governess of the House, the old Drudg,
 Mother Damnable, a word common to
 all Bawds, Commandress of the Fort,
 and of the Whores Regiment, Stew-
 holder, Overseer of the Park and War-
 ren, Tutress and Instructress of the
 Youth, Bitchington, Fat-arsed, Reve-
 rend, Audacious, Impudent, Crafty,
 Trotting, Running, Pocky, Carted,
 Gramam or Witch; *Cum multis aliis.*

Q. What are Pimps or Pandars?

A. Lanthorns to the Plackets, Lieu-
 tenants of the Amazonian Crew.

Q. What are the Fees of a Pimp or
 Pandar said to be like?

A. They resemble a Puny Clarks; be-
 cause the Pimp and the Pandar have
 two pence a piece the next Morning for
 making the Bed, & that is a peny a sheet.

— Q. How do you describe a Hector?

A. Sir

A. Sir William Gallant, and Sir Thomas Hector, are both of them, for the most part, Retainers to a Bawdy House, both of them fellows, that make a great show of daring, yet are but mere Mountebanks, Cowards in respect of true Valour; a right Hector, is but an old beaten Soldier, that will understand himself well enough, if he finds Achilles in place, he's a very *Common*, braggart Rogue enough in all Conscience: As the best he's but a kind of a Pann'd Volley of Oaths, and somewhat of Kin to a Trip-Panner, if he be not one.

Q. Now you have named a Trip-Panner, he pleases to discover to me the mystery of this Trade?

A. I will give it you in the History of a Trip-Panner, two ruffians, of the sort, were to be ready at the falling of the whores slippers, when up come the two slippery fellows, who (finding the property & bed with her) with drawn swords, & Pistols cockt, they rush in upon him, as if they intended either to pistol him, or cut him

in pieces as small as Herbs to the Pot,
 swearing, damning, and sinking them-
 selves, that he is a Villain to make a
 Whore of their Wife, or Sister.
 Then Rogue (say they) how hast thou
 abused her? The sight and terror wherof
 so mazes the poor Cully, that he is put
 into such a trembling fear that he takes
 it for a good shift to beseech them (for
 they threaten to geld him) that they will
 be pleased to preserve his life, and let
 him pass off with the safety of his so
 nearly concerned members. He offers
 them the money he hath about him,
 which after some pause they are willing
 to accept of, and quickly pocketed, but
 withal they tell him that will not serve
 his turn, for if he intends to save his life
 he must distribute more money. He is for-
 ced to give them a bond and seal to in-
 for a third sum, & so they dismiss him.
 His *Quest* is what stock is required as for
 upon ordinary Band and bill (as the
 ye will. No great stock, a parcel of
 convenient boldness, two rooms in one
 of

of them a close Box, with a slide Bed, for to kennel in; for the better conveniency for her women, clean Linnen, Paint, Patches, Sweet Powder, Plasters, &c. a Pimp or Hector for to defend or elude with them, and a Crab Louse Doctor or Farrier, to new vamp those that she cannot herself Toder; a runner or trotter if occasion be to fetch in fresh Wenchies, which will be also necessary to entertain her inferior Customers, and to fish him or pick Pobs or Pockets, as occasion shall serve. In the next place she must be furnished with pint Bottles of Wine, at two fillings, Bottles of Stepony, and Cock Ale, Cakes, a Barrel of Beer, a Tub of new Ale, a gallon of strong Water, Caps black Pots, Pipes ready filled with stinking (instead of Spanish) Tobacco, Cards, Faggots, red Hettings, or such like late things to make the liquor goe merrily down, a piss pot, and a piece of Chalk cut of purpose to make two scores at once, the sooner to misreckon.

Q. *Why is a Bawd so general a trade?*

A. Because all the five senses are of the same occupation, cinque-ports of Bawdry.

Q. *How doth the hearing without an ear-picker Bawd it?*

A. The windings and mazes of the ears receives into them the sound, or aire, whereof the soul makes distinction: This naug y sense conveighs Tunes, Tales, Rimes, Riddles, Songs, Sonnets, Ballads, Madrigals, &c. The ears being servants and intelligencers of lust.

Q. *How doth the sight bawd it without spectacles?*

A. The eyes should be the windows of the soul, servants to her, to attend upon the body; and so they do with a mischief, for this sense wanders, searches, seeks, findes, and brings home (into every bed-chamber of the heart) amorous actions, provoking gestures, effeminate glances, allurements, looks,

postures of prostitution and venereal vanity.

Q. How doth the taste act his parts, which at the French Ordinary is called the Gusto?

A. 'Tis the distinguishing sense to every relish, but of the same trade a Bawd both with art and nature, that searches through the earth, Seas, and skies for variety of temptations, poor and innocent Lamb-stones, Potatoes, Crabs, Scallops, Lobsters, Shrimps, Craw fish, Cockles, Oysters, Anchovies, Caveare, Cock-Sparrows, Cox comb-pies, and all manner of feathered Foul, from the Eagle to the Wren, do wait upon the taste, and the taste attends upon the appetite, and all if the stomach is not overcharged do evacuate at esquiline the postern door. This sense is discerned by the veins which spread through the tongue and palate, the cookery and sauces which belong to this sense hath killed more then the Sword, Famine, or the Pestilence.

Q. Sir reverence, how is the smell concerned in this trade?

A. In the nostrils is the sent. This sense distinguisheth of all aires, profitable or hurtful to the body; but it is otherwise employed. 'tis the senting that huffs and snuffs up and down, and hath the game alwaies in the wind; 'tis a smel-smock sense, which is wonderfully pleased to be led by the nose, can hunt dry foot, and smell out venery nimbler then pinchgut. Viceroy can sent out a free cost feast.

Q. How can you traduce the sense of touching or feeling?

A. This feeling power is the root of life; 'tis spread through every part of the body by sinews which descend from the head to the foot like a net: this sense is also a very Bawd; and though a man or woman can neither hear, see, taste, nor smell, yet feeling still remains. It is the last sense that keeps us company; and were it not for feeling the rest of the senses were but senseless,
by

by this sense we discern hot, cold, moist, dry, hard, soft, rough, pains and pleasures: this sense also is as right for the same purpose as any of the rest.

Q. How doth a Bawd esteem honesty?

A. With poverty she counts it dishonestly dishonestly with riches (though a Bawd is seldom rich) with her is honesty.

Q. What are the weighty considerations that a Bawd enters into when she purchases or buys a Country French?

A. Her face, stature, dimensions, age, complexion, whether she be not loose in the hips, or strong enough in the pasterns, whether lapidable, and lastly the price.

Q. Do none but Gentlemen, and those that would be so, wear Perruigs?

A. Yes Pimps and Bawds, for such is their humility, that when their own heads are bald, they will wear the cast hair of any poor sinner.

Q. Are you of the opinion of the Heffers, that a Bawd is no deceiver of her customers?

E 4

A. Yea

A. Yes in good sooth la for I am, what do you call him... 'tis easily to be proved; for what she promises she will perform: as for example, if she promise for to help a man to a Whore she will not help him to an honest woman; and who can produce upon any record that a Bawd was ever carted for playing the whore.

Q. What was a Bawd before she took up that trade?

A. What, I told you before she was a Whore; but for better satisfaction I shall endeavor now to give you a more particular description of her. She was at the first a young pretty Girl, that afterwards passed away her precious time in the rudiments and documents of a Whore till she had attained her knowledge with many hazards, to the years of thirty or thirty five; in all which time she had not been idle; having adventured the blemish of her reputation: for lighting a lamp, and being an incendiary in Cupids School, she adventured diseases, the rigour of the Laws, as whippings, penalties,

ties, Imprisonments, Cartings, Fines, and Fees to the Justices, Clerks, Beadles, and such other inferiour reliques of authority then towards the declining of her life, when her beauty faded, what a deal of charge was she at with sophisticated art of white and red to emplaister decayed nature, to hide the furrows and wrinckles of her over worn age; all which considered, a Bawd doth not get her living with so much ease as the world supposeth: nor is that adventure of her danger of carting to be slighted.

Q. Is a Bawd of any use to the Common Wealth.

A. Questionless of great use to Physicians and Chyrurgeons.

Q. What doth a Bawd take most unkindely?

A. That whoring should leave her before she had a minde to leave it.

Q. Why are Bawdy Houses and Stews permitted in several Countreys beyond Sea?

A.

A. I and suffered too much here too: one substantial reason may be given which is this, the better to secure their Wives in the populous Cities; and howsoever they are unlawful, yet they hold them very necessary: and to avoid a greater mischief they are tolerated in policy; and for this end they have whole Colledges of Curriers in their Towns and Cities, for they hold it to be impossible for idle persons, young, rich, and lusty, so many Moncks, Friars, and other Abbey Lubbers to live honest, and that it is too tyrannical a burthen to compel them to be chaste; and without question in policy (as usury for the hardness of mens hearts) they are not so much to be contradicted but altogether in Religion. That you may the better understand to how little purpose it is to hedge or pall in Loves cunny-borough (which is so easily undermined) be pleased to peruse these following and more then ordinary disastrous two Lovers that were too strictly confined.

Museus,

*Museus, Kit Marlow, and George
Chapman, their Lamentable Loves.
Of Hero and Leander Drolled in
Delectable Prose.*

*Venus descends with silver Doves,
As much concern'd in their dear Loves.*

TWO faithfull Lovers they were, as
every Apprentice in *Paul's*
Church Yard will tell you for Love,
and sell you for Money: the one dwelt
at *Abidos* in *Asia*, which was *Leander*;
the other which was *Hero* his Mistriss,
or *Delia*, at *Sestos* in *Europe*; and she
was a pretty pinckany and *Venus* Priest
but an arm of the Sea divided them:
it divided them, and it divided them
not, for over that arm of the Sea
could he stretch his armes, in their pa-
rents the most division rested, for their
Towns like *Yarmouth* and *Leystoff* were
still

still at wrig wrag, and suck't from their mothers teeth serpentine hatred one against the other; which drove *Leander* when he durst not deal above board, or be seen aboard any Ship, to sail to his Lady dear, to play the Didopper, and ducking water Spaniel to swim to her, and that nor in the day, but by owle light.

What will not blinde night do for blinde *Cupid*, and what will not blinde *Cupid* do in the night which is his blind holiday: by the Sea side on the other side stood *Hero's* Tower, such another Tower as one of our Irish Castles, that is not so wide as a Bell-free; a Coblér could not jerk out his elbows in it, a Cage or a Pigeon-house, roome thsome enough to contain her and the toothless trotter her nurse, who was her onely chatmate and chamber-maid for private practise; and consultively from her parents being so encloistred from resort, that she might live a chaste vestal priest to *Venus*, the Queen of unchastity.

ry. She would none of that she thanked them, for she was better provided, and that which they thought served their turn for sequestering her from society, served her most to embrace the company she so much desired. Fate is a Spaniel you cannot beat from you, the more you think to cross it, the more you bless, and further it.

Neither her Father nor her Mother vowed Chastity when she was begot, and therefore she thought they begot her not to live chaste, and either she must prove her self a Bastard, or shew her self like them. Of *Leander* you may write upon, and it is written upon, that she lik'd him very well; and for all that he was a naked man, and clean dispoiled to the skin, when he sprawled through the brackish fuds to scale her Tower, all the strength of it could not hold him out. O ware of naked men, *Cythereas* Nuns have no power to resist them, and some such sympathetical a quality is atcribed to the iron, and
the

the Load-stone, were he never so naked when he came to her, because he should not scare her, she found a means to cover him in her bed, and for that he might not take cold after his swimming, she lay close by him to keep him warm. This scuffle or bo-peep in the dark they had for a while without weam or brack, and the old Nurse (as there be three things seldom in their right kinde till they be old, a Bawd, a Witch, and a Midwife) executed the huckstring office of her years very charily, and circumspectly, till their shining stars revolved from them for seven dayes together the winde and the Hellespore contended which should howl lowder, the waves dashed up to the clouds, and the clouds on the other side spit and davelled upon them as fast.

Here wept as trickling as the heavens, to think that heaven should so divorce them. *Leander* stormed worse then the storms, that by them he should be so

restrained from his *Cynthia*. At *Sestos* was his soul, and he could not abide to tarry at *Abydos*. rain, snow, hail, or blow it how it could, into the pitchy *Helespont* he leapt when the Moon and all her torch bearers were afraid to peep out their heads, but he was peppered for it, he had as good have taken meat, drink, and leasure: for the churlish frumpoiled Waves gave him his belly full of fish broth, ere out of their laundry or wash house they would grant him his coquet or *transire*, & not only that, but they sealed him his *quietus* *est*, for curvetting any more to the maiden Tower, and tossed his dead carcass well bathed or parboiled, to the sandy threshold of his Lemon or Orange, for a disjunct or mornings breakfast. All that live long night *Hero* could not sleep, she was so troubled with the rheume, which was a signe she should hear of some misfortune: yet towards the Cock crowing, she caught a little slumber, and then she dreamed that *Leander* and she

were playing at check stone with pearls
 in the bottom of the Sea. You may see
 dreams are not so vain as they are prea-
 ched of, though not in vain Ministers in-
 veigh against them, and bend themselves
 out of the peoples mindes to exhale a
 foolish superstition. The rheume is the
 Students disease, and who study most
 dream most; the labouring mens hands
 blister and glow after their dayes work:
 the glowing and blistering of our brains
 after our day labouring cogitations are
 dreams, and those dreams are reaking
 vapors of a great impression if our ma-
 mate'ss couches they are not half emp-
 ty, *Here* hoped, and therefore she dream-
 ed (all hope is but a dream) her hope was
 where her heart was, and her heart was
 winding and turning with the wind, to
 wind her heart of gold to her. Hope and
 Fear both combated in her, and both
 these are wakeful. which made her at
 break of day (what an old crones the
 day that is so loyn a breaking) to unloop
 her lucket or casement, to look whence
 the

the blasts came, or what gate or pace
the Sea kept, when forthwith her eyes
bred her eye sore; the first white where-
on their transpiercing arrows stuck, be-
ing the breathless corps of *Leander*,
with the sudden contemplation of this
lamentable spectacle of her love, sod-
den to haddocks meat; her sorrows
could not chuse but be indefinite, if her
delight in him had been but indifferent:
there is no woman but delights in sor-
row, or she should not use it so lightly
for every thing.

Down she run in her loose night
Gown, with her Hair about her eares,
as *Semeramis* ran with her lie pot in her
hand, and her black dangling tresses a-
bout her shoulders, with her ivory
Comb ensharled in them, when she
heard that *Babylon* was taken; and
thought to have kist her Lovers dead
Corse alive again; but as on his
blew yellowed sturgeon lips she was a-
bout to clap one of those warm plaist-
ers, the boisterous waves and rigid
F Tides

Tides came rowling in, and shoved him from her, (as if it had been to carry him back to *Abidos*) at which she became a frantick *Bacchinal*, and made no more bones, but sprang after him, and so resigned up her Priesthood, and left work for *Musens*, *Kit Marlow*, and *Chapman*.

The gods and goddeses all on a row bread and crow, from *Ops* to *Pomona*: the first apple Wife, were so damp't with this miserable wrack, that they began to abhor all moisture (but their own Urine) for the Seas sake; and *Jupiter* could not endure *Ganimede* his Cupbearer to come in his presence, both for the dislike he bore to *Neptunes* baleful liquor, as also that he was so like to *Leander*. The Sun was so in his mumps upon't, that it was almost noon before he would go to cart that day, and then with so ill a will he went, that he had thought to have topled his burning carte or hurry into the Sea (as *Thetis* did) to scorch it and dry it up, and

and at night when he was begrimed with the dust and sweat of his journey, he would not descend as he was wont, to wash him in the Ocean, but under a tree laid him down to rest in his cloaths all night; and so did the scouling Moon under another fast by him, which of that are behighted the trees of the Sun and Moon, and are the same that Sir *John Mandevil* tells us that he spoke with, and that spoke to *Alexander. Venus* for that *Hero* was her Priest, and *Juno Lucina* the Midwives Goddess, for she was now quickned and cast away by the cruelty of *Æolus*, took bread and salt and eat it, that they would be smartly revenged on that truceless and windy Jaylor, and they forgot it not, for *Venus* made his Son and his Daughter to commit incest together. *Lucina* that there might be some lasting characters of his shame, helpt to bring her to bed of a goodly Boy, and *Æolus* boulding out of this, heapt murder upon Murder.

The dint of destiny could not be repeal'd in the reviving of *Hero* and *Leander*, but the heavenly hoods in their Synod thus decreed, that forasmuch as they were either of them Sea-borders, and drowned in the Sea, still to the Sea they must belong, and be divided in habitation after death, as they were in their life time. *Leander* for that in a dark cold testy night he had his passport to *Charon*, they terminated him to the unquiet coast of *Island*, where half a year is nothing but murk and dark night, and to that fish translated him: which of us is termed *Ling*. *Hero*, for that she was so pagled and tympanized, and sustained two losses under one, they foot-bal'd their heads together, and protested to make the stem of her loins of all fishes, the flanting *Fabian* or *Palmerin* of *England*, which is *Cadmaller* Herring: And as their meetings were but seldom, and not so oft as *styleame*, so but seldom should they meet in the bed of the

the wee^{ke} at the best mens Tables upon *Erydayes* and *Saturdayes*, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meat and meal for seven weeks together.

The Nurse or Mother Mumpudding that was a couring on the back-side while these things were a tragedizing, led by the screech or out-cry to this so sorrowful a hey-hoe: As soon as through the ravell'd Button-holes of her blear eyes, she had suck't in and received such a revelation of Dooms-day, and that she saw her Mistriss mounted a cock-horse, and hoisted to heaven or to hell on the back-side of those rough headed Ruffians, down she sunk to the earth as dead as a door-nail, and never mumpt crust after it: whereof their supernalnities (having a drop or two of pitty left of the huge hoghead of their tears they had spent for *Hero* and *Leander*) seemed to be somewhat sorry, though they could not weep for it; and because they would be sure to have

a medicine that should make them weep at all times, to that kinde of grain they turned her, which we call Mustard-seed; as well for that she was a shrewish snappish Bawd, that would bite off a mans nose with an answer, and had rheumatick sore eyes which run always, as that she might accompany *Hero* and *Leander* after death, as in her life time. Hence it is that Mustard biteth a man by the Nose, and makes him weep, and water his plants when he tasteth it: and that *Hero* and *Leander*, the red Herring and Ling, never come to the board without Mustard their waiting maid; and if you mark it, Mustard looks of the tanned wainscot hue, of such a withered wrinckled face beldam as she was, that was changed thereinto. Loving *Hero*, however altered, had a smack of Love still, and therefore to the Coast of Loving Land (to *Tarmouth* near adjoyning and within her liberties of *Kirtly Road*) she accustomed to come in pilgrim.

grimage every year, but contentions arising thereon betwixt *Sestos* and *Abidos*, that wrought both *Leanders* death and hers, she avoids it of late, and retireth more Northwards; she also shunneth unquiet *Humber*, because *Elfred* was drowned there, and the Scotch Seas, and every other Sea where blood hath been spilt for her own Seas sake that spilt her sweet-hearts blood and hers.

F 4

The

The Shepherd's Lament.

The Complaint of Theris.

All in the shade of a broad Beech
Tree sitting,

Silvia, *Phillis*, and my self together;
A Bee that humm'd about the flowery
mede

To gather Honey, flew to *Phillis* cheek;
The rolie Cheek mistaking for a Rose,
And there belike his little needle left:
Phillis cryes out impatient of the pain
Of her sharp sting; but the ever love-

ed *Ty Sylvia*

Bad her be patient. *Phillis* (said she)
peace,

And with a word or two I'll heal thy
hurt,

Take out the sting, and the grief soon
away. This

This secret erst the grave *Auretia* taught
me,
And her (in recompence) I gave the
horn
Of Ivory tipt with Gold I us'd to wear.
This said, the lips of her fair sweetest
mouth
Upon the offended cheek she laid; and
strait,
(O strange effect) whether with the
sound it were
Of her soft murmur'd verse of magick
power,
Or rather (as I sooner do believe)
The vertue of her mouth, ---
That what it touches, cures. *Phillis*
was cured,
And with the pain soon was the swell-
ling gone.
I, that till then ne're dreamt of more
delight,
Then on the shine of her bright eyes to
gaze,
And joy'd to hear her speak (musick
more sweet)

Then

Then makes the murmur of a flow
pac'd brook,
When 'tis with thousand little pebbles
cross;
Or the winde prating 'mongst the wan-
ton leaves)
'Gan then, even then to feel a new de-
fire
Possess me, of touching those dear lips
with mine,
And grown more subtle then I was be-
fore,
(So love perhaps the imagination
whets)
I found this new deceit, whereby to
aspire
With greater ease to the end of my de-
fire;
I feign'd my self stung on the nether
lip,
In like sort with a Bee as *Phillis* was;
And in such manner seem'd to moan
my self,
As th' help my tongue craved not, my
looks implored;

The

The harmless *Silvia* pitying strait my
case,
Offered her ready cure, to my feigned
hurt;

But the unfeigned wound I bleed of
deeper made,

And far more deadly, when those cor-
ral twins

On mine she laid: nor do the giddy
bees

Gather from any flower honey so sweet
As I did from those freshest *Roses*
gather;

Though bashful shame, and fear had
taught to bar,

Hot kisses from desire to press too far,
T' imbathe themselves, and did their
heat with-hold

To kill, or made them slower or less
bold.

But while down to my heart that sweet-
ness glided,

Mixt with a secret poyson such delighe
I felt within, that feigning still the grief
O'th sting that had not left me yet, so
dealt,

That

That she the charm repeated sundry
times:

Since when till now, still more and
more I finde,

For all the charm she has left the sting
behinde,

Whose pain e're since hath so increased
upon me,

That my love labouring breast could
hold no longer,

But that upon a time, when divers
Nymphs

And Shepherds of us in a ring were
sitting,

Whilst the play was, each one should
softly whisper

Some words in the ear of her that next
him fate:

Silvia (said I softly as Lovers whisper)

For thee I pine and dye unless thou pity
me.

No sooner heard she this, but down she
darts

Her fairest looks, whence I perceived to
break

A suddain and unwonted ruddiness,
That seem'd to breath forth anger mixt
with shame : Nor would she in other language an-
swer me,
Then such a troubled silence, as ap-
pear'd
Threatning and deadly ; nor since then
would ever
Willingly see nor hear me : Thrice
the Sun
His yearly course hath run : thrice the
green fields
Hath the naked Sythman barb'd ; and
three times hath
The Winter robb'd the Trees of their
green Locks ;
That I have try'd all means I could to
appease her,
And nought remains, but that I dye to
please her ;
And gladly would I dye, were I but
sure
'Twould either please, or but draw pi-
ty from her,

Either were blessings to me, though no
doubt

Her pitty were my best, sweetest re-
ward,

And worthier recompence for all my
love,

And for my death; I am still loth to
with

Least, that too rudely might her eyes
moleit

Or pierce too deep her fair and tender
breast.

Seasonable advice.

*Despair not Shepheard, haste to th' Adir-
tle Grove,*

*There's a blith lass that heals the sting of
Love,*

*To th' her he went, embraced fair Amarilis,
A kiss from her cures all that ever ill is.*

Venus,



*Venus's Marks to find out her run-away
son Cupid.*

THe shining heav'n hath not a
sphere,
But I have been to seek him there,
I've sought my boy both far and wide,
With care, all anger laid aside,
I lost this stragler yesterday,
He took his heels and ran away ;
As he lay playing in my lap
Whether of purpose or by hap?
I cannot say) but his gold shaft
He prickt me with, and then he laught;
And when the rascal my hurt spi'd,
with painted wings away he fli'd
Wherefore now amongst you (meek
mortals) I am come to seek
My childe ; your breasts do not disdain
This fugitive to entertain ;
Therefore to you my suit must be,
Tell me I pray then where is he ?

But

But there's none answers, all are mute,
Where's my son, who grants my suit?
Perhaps ye have not seen the elf,
Or he hath so disguised himself
Ye know him not; perhaps h' has left
His brand, and from his shoulders rest
His varied wings, or thrown them by,
With the rest of his artillery;
But I'll give marks of him, whereby
Ye shall discern him easily:
This love (thus masked) although he be
Old both in years and subtilty,
Seems but a boy in shape and face,
And (like a boy in gate and pace)
Is never constant to one place.
Such sports and pastimes useth he
As common unto children be;
But all his sports he tempers so,
They're dangerous and full of woe
To those he playes withal, displeased
He will be soon, as soon appeased;
And in his face at once appears
An enterchange of smiles and tears.
His hair is gold, 'tis curled, and grows
(As fortune often painted shows)

Hang-

Hanging long before, but short
 And thin on his Heads hinder part.
 His Face clear colour'd, and delightful,
 Like to Fire, is quick and sprightful;
 And doth easily express
 His Minds audacious wantonness.
 His inflamed Eyes are full of guile,
 Which still he sugars with a smile.
 Under the Brow, unhappily,
 He uses oft to throw his Eye,
 That rowls unsteady here and there,
 And nere is fixed any where.
 His Tongue is sweet; & when he speaks,
 A pleasing Ayre from his Lips breaks,
 In many a piec'd imperfect word,
 Which yet a winning sound afford;
 His noise is shrill, and clear, and small,
 Which uttering, still he smiles withal,
 And those his fleering smiles doth bait
 With hidden Treason and deceit,
 Which (like the Snake) lurk in the bed
 Of those Flowrs undiscovered.
 And first with these he doth begin
 To unlock your Breasts and extern
 When having seem'd all courtesie,

All Meekness and Humilitie,
And as (a poor Pilgrim) ye
Have harb'rd him in Charitie,
Then 'gines he by degrees, t' express.
Himself, and wrong your easiness,
Growes proud & wonderous inolent,
And never rests is nere content
Until he be (ingrateful else)
Possess of your hearts keys himself:
And strait turns all those out of dore
That there inhabited before;
And placeth others in their room
A troop of newer guests, to whom
He makes your reason thrall, and finds
New laws wherwith to rule your minds,
And thus becomes of a milde guest
A cruel Tyrant ore the brest;
And so his new plac'd Powers assist him
He kills or Conquers all resist him.
Now by these marks (both of his face,
His humour qualities, and grace)
Which I have given ye, I hope ye may
Know this disguised run-away
Tell me I pray then, where is he
But no man will answer me,

Ye

Ye will conceal him from me then?
 Ah foolish unadvised men,
 You cannot Love so closely hide,
 But that at length he will be spy'd;
 And in your words and Looks appear,
 By tokens evident and clear,
 And then such Fate will you betyde,
 As to him that seeks to hide
 A snake in 's bosom, till he cries
 And blood discovers where he lies.
 Well, he that can but give me tydings
 Where my blindboy makes his abidings,
 For his most rich reward shall Sip
 A pair of kisses from my Lip,
 Soon as he will wish to take them
 Full as sweet as I can make them.
 But he that shall the kindness do me
 To bring my little wanderer to me,
 Shall receive to my utmost might
 Such Courtesie as shall requite.
 And such as all the Wealth I have
 Cannot exceed; no though I gave,
 All Loves Kingdom: to this I take
 To witness the black *Stygian* Lake,
 That I will truly pay my vow.

34 Enter Looking-Glass.

Tell me therefore tell me now,
Wheres my Son? who grants my suite?
No mortal answers; all are mute.
But since I cannot find him here,
(Ere I return up to my Sphere)
I'll seek my little Bastard every where.

The

The Goddess is at last resolved where
she may find her Son Cupid.

Venus, I hear thou dost about
To find thy wandring Cupid out,
Who (having play'd the wag last day
For fear of breching flue away;
Thou promisest to give a kiss
To him that tells thee where he is;
Come then, and thrive in thy request
Kisse me, and take him in my brest.

Cupid disguised.

W Ho would believe that in this
humane form

And under these mean Shep-
heards weeds were hid

A Godhead? nor yet of the *Lowers*
ranke,

But the most mighty mongst the Gods;
whose power

Make oft the bloody Sword of angry
Mars,

Fall from his hand; sterne *Neptune* hurl
away

His powerful trident; and great *Jove*
lay by

His thnnderbolt: and thus attyrde, I
hope

My Mother *Venus* shall have much a-
doe

To find her *Cupid*. For the troth to
tell,

Sh' has

Sh' has made me play the run-away
with her :

Because (forsooth) she will sole Mi-
stress be,

And to her pleasure bind my Shafts
and Me ;

And (vain ambitious Woman as she
is)

Would tye me to live still 'mongst
Crowns and Scepters,

And to high Courts confine my Power
and Me ;

And to my under-followers grants to
live

Here in these Woods, and to advance
their powers,

Ore silly Shepherds Breasts ; but I that
am

No Child, (though childish be my
gate and looks)

Will for this once, do as shall please
me best ;

For not to her, but me allotted were
The ever awful Brands, and Golden

Bows :

Therefore I purpose to conceal my
self,

And run from her entreates (for other
power

Then to intreat she shall not have ore
me :)

I hear she haunts these Groves, and
promiseth

Unto the Nymphs & Shepherds, which
of them

Will bring me to her, Kisses for their
pains,

And more then kisses too ; and can-
not I

To them shall hide me from her, libe-
ral be

Of kisses ; and more too as well as
she.

The Nymphs I know wil like my kisses
best,

When I shall Woe them that am God
of Love :

Therefore my Mother doth but loose
her journey,

Her's none will bring her home her
Son again. But

But to be surer that, she may not know
 Or find me out by the us'd Marks I
 bear, I've laid my Quiver, Bow, and Wings
 from me;
 Yet come I not hither unarmed; this
 Rod
 I carry is my brand transformed thus;
 And breaths out unseen flame at every
 Pore;
 And this Dart (though it have no gol-
 den head)
 Of Heavenly temper is; and where it
 lightes,
 Inforceth love; and even this day shall
 make
 A deep and cureless Wound in the
 hard breast
 Of the most cruel Nymph, that ever
 yet
 Hath been a follower of *Diana's* train
 Nor will I pitty *Silvia*, for so
 The obdurate stony Nymph, is called,
 Then erst I did the gentle hearted
 Swain

Thirſis, who many Winters ſince, when
(Poor wretch) then young followed
From Wood to Wood in every Game
and Sport :

And for more ſure affecting my intent,
He pauſe a while till ſome remorse and
pitty

Of the poor Shepherds ſufferings, have
a little

Thaw'd the hard Ice congealed about
her Breaſt :

And this to do with better eaſe and
Art,

Amongſt the feaſting Troops of the
Crowned Shepherds

That hither come to ſport o'th Holy-
dayes,

I'll put my ſelf; and here even in this
place

I give the ſpeeding blow unſeen, un-
known :

To day theſe Woods ſhall hear ano-
ther Voice

Of love then ere before, and more re-
fined;

My Godhead here shall in it self ap-
pear

Present no longer in my Ministers:

He breath soft thoughts into their
courser Brests

And make their Tongues in smoothest
numbers move

For wheresoever I am, still am I Love;

No less in Shepherds, then in greatest

Peeres;

And inequality in people, I

Can temper as I please, such is my
power.

The Rural sound of homely Shepherd
Reed

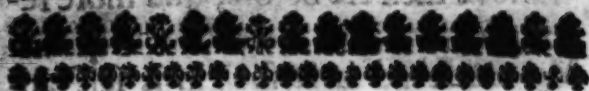
I can make equal with the learned Lute

And if my Mother (which disdains
forsooth

To see me here) be ignorant of this,

Shee's blind, not I

Whom the blind World repotes, blind
wrongfully



The Pastoral wooing.

Cupid, Thirsis, and Silvia.

Thirsis.

Paris the Swain away coy Helen
bare ;
And I a Swain, am killed by
one more fair.

Silvia.
Bray not rude Hind ; kisses are empty
things.

Thirsis.

From empty kisses yet sweet pleasures
springs.

Silvia.

I'll wash my Mouth, wipe off thy
kisses stain.

Thirsis.
Wip'st thou thy Lips ? then let us kiss
again.

edr

Silvia.

Silvia.

Go kiss your Cows; you fit to kiss a
Maid.

Thirsis.

Be not so proud, your Youth will
quickly fade.

Silvia.

Grapes though they'r dry, yet still are
Grapes we see,
And Roses, although withered, Roses
be.

Thirsis.

Let's sit and talk beneath this Myrtles
shade.

Silvia.

No, a smooth tongue me once before
betray'd.

Thirsis.

Beneath these Elms then sit and hear
me play.

Silvia.

Play to your self, I not your Musick
weigh.

Thirsis.

Take heed lest thou the wrath of Cupid
find.

Silvia

Silvia.

Cupid his worst; be but *Diana* kind. O

Thirsis.

Oh say not so: Lest his excited Rage
Thee in unextricable snares engage.

Silvia.

Do what he can, find we *Diana's* grace,
Hold off your hands, or else I'll scratch
your Face.

Cupid.

My Dietic's contemned by *Jove* I'll
shoot,

This wounding shaft shall quickly
bring her toot,

Then with my mother next I'll act my
part.

And Couzen her, in spite of all her
Art.

Thirsis.

Love, which no Maid ere did, thou must
not Fly.

Silvia.

By *Pan* I can't; why dost thou press to
nigh,

Thirsis.

Thirsis.

I know he'll make thee stoop to my first
Love.

Silvia.

Though woo'd by many, none did I ap-
prove.

Thirsis.

Amongst those many, here, behold I
sue.

Silvia.

Why my kind friend *what* wouldst
thou have me do?

Thirsis His Song of *Dalliance*.

Show thy bosome, and then hide it,
Licence touching, and then chide it,
Give a grant: and then forbear it,
Offer something, and forswear it,
Ask where all our shame is gon,
Call us wicked, wanton men,
Do as Turtles kiss and groan,
Say we nere shall meet again,
I can hear thee curse, yet chace thee,
Drink thy tears and still embrace
thee,

Eadie

Eſie riches is no Treasure,
 She that's willing, ſpoil's the pleaſure,
 Pove bids Learn the reſtleſſ fight,
 Lull and ſtruggle whilſt we twine,
 Let me take in thy Fort this fight,
 The next Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

Silvia.

The married Life with troubles are re-
pleat.

Thirſis.

No cares, joys only marriage doth be-
get.

Silvia.

They ſay, wives of their Huſbands live
in Fear.

Thirſis.

Ore whom do Women rather domineer

Silvia.

But thought of Child-bed pains make
me afraid.

Thirſis.

Diana whom thou ſerv'ſt will be thy

aid.

Silvia.

But bearing Children will my Beauty

Thirſis

No, it unto perfection doth belong.

If so, perfection then may be attain'd,
Happy those Maids, have so perfecti-
on gain'd.

Then let our Notes in this one sense be
carri'd,
Maids no perfection have, till they are
married.

A SONG.

Welcome fair *Silvia*, more,
Much more than ere before,
Now I see thy sprightly love,
By thy proper heat can move.

No Vermillion blush thy Cheek,
That we naked thus do meet,
Cupid's blind and cannot see,
And is naked as we.

Let

N

Come

Come let's kisse embrace and toy,
 Till we teach the wanton boy;
Cupid now shall stupid prove,
 In the amorous Art of Love.

The sweet *Nectar* of thy lip,
Nectar which the Gods would sip;
 By our often kisses, I
 Will draw barren and quite dry.

Glutted with melifluous kisses,
 We'l exuberate our blisses;
 Twiſt, embrace, and reintwine,
 Like to the Irie and the Vine.

Where we l meet with ſuch deſire,
 Equal with ſuch flames of fire;
 Nothing ſhall the ſame allay,
 But our *Venus* ſportive play.

Then Ile ſlumber on thy breſts,
Cupid's Pillows where he neſts;
 Be deſcending to the Grove,
 Where reſides pleaſures of love.

Tell me who desires to come
To the feigned *Bliss*;
The Poets dream, for sure there is
No *Elizium* but this.

A SONG.

Beauty and love once fell at odds,
And thus reviled each other,
Quoth love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother.

Thou hast no power o're men at all,
But what I gave to thee:
Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
Then men acknowledge me.

Away fond boy, then Beauty said
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find.

'Twas I begot thee mortals know,
And call'd thee blind desire,

I made thy Arrows and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away.

And streight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would rip his shafts with scorn,
And punish this proud maid.

So beauty ever since hath been

But courted for an hour.

To love a day is now a sin,

'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

A SONG.

BId me but live and I will live.

Thy Votarie to be;

Or bid me love and I will give,

A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as soundly free,

As in the world thou can'st not find,

That heart I'll give to thee.

I

& H

Bid.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay,
And honour thy decree.
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
Or having none, yet I will cause
A stream of grief for thee.

Thou art my love, my life my heart,
The only power ore me.
That hast command of every part,
To live or dye for thee.

AN ELOGY.

On the death of *Silvia's* Beagle.

YE Ladies all, that feeble remorse,
When with a cold her Parrats
hoarse

And think you find you are jolly,
When your poor Monkey's melan-
cholly:

Come and assist the tender hearted
Silvia's griefe for thee departed.

A Beagle of so near a frame,
That *Venus* gave her, her own name,
And for her *Charlot*, sh^dad been match'd,
But that she could no where be match'd.
Her Pedigree was of good note,
For Or and Sables was her coat,
Wherein such smotherness did reside,
As made the very sight to glide.
Her body slender was, and such
Might well make *Silvia's* lap her couch.
And yet she was not small enough,
To be convey'd away in a Muff.
She never lost the companies favour,
Offending it with an ill savour,
And what a great wonder it is,
She nere for the owner much amiss.
In such fit places still she eas'd
Her belly: that she nere displeas'd
The Cottage folk, nor would she eat
At any time forbidden meat.
She also had a safe delivery,
Of young ones three, as smooth as Ivory;
But ere that you could look about them,
She went to th^e other world without
them,
And this she did, because she hop't

Her Mistris sure would them adopt,
Whose comfort now is that the birch
Dy'd not oth' Halter, Mange, or Itch,
But what great men their lives have cost
them,

'Tis known she dy'd of an Apostheme,
Silvia singing.

Tell me no more to what rare sound
The Stars do dance their round.
For did they hear the Musick of this voice
They'd not forbear,
To leap down from their sphear,
And for this harmony forsake that noise.

And tell me not with what sweet strain,
The dying Swan in vain
Flatters approaching death; for could
she give

Such notes as these
Fates rigor to appease,
They'd prove not a prediction, but
reprieve.

To him that hears this counter-charm,
No Syren can do harme.

Ulysses was not halfe so safe, when fear
Unto the Mast

With Cords had bound him fast,
As had these accents held him by the eare.

Venus to her Adonis.

VVake my *Adonis*, do not dye,
One life's enough for thee & I;
Where are thy looks; thy wiles,
Thy tears, thy frowns, thy smiles?
Alas in vain I call,
One death hath snatch'd them all.
Yet deaths not deadly in that face,
death in these looks it selfe doth grace;
Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd,
When my pale Ghost appear'd.
This I pre sag'd when thundring love,
Tore the best Mirtle in my Grove:
When my sick Rose buds lost their
smell,
And from my temples untouch'd fell;
And 'twas for some such thing,
My Dove first hung her wing,
Whither art thou my Deitie gone?

Venus

Venus in Venus there is none,
In vain a Goddess now am I,
Only to grieve and not to dye,
But I will love my grief,
Make tears, my tears relief,
And sorrow shall to me,
A new Adonis be.

And this the Fates shan't rob me of,
whilst I
A Goddess am, to grieve and not to dye.

The Kisse.

Print upon my lips a kisse,
Close and melting, Ile not miss,
Choice of Liquors which the Gods,
Quaff to friendship when at odds.
For that peerless lip of thine
shames *Nepenthe*, and the Vine:
Those by quenching kinde fire,
This creates the best desire,
And the noblest thoughts refine.

Print upon my lips a kisse,
Print it home: the purest bliss
As not softer, nor the down

Flecting

Fleeting on *Meaders* crown :
Nor the touch of Clouds that rise,
Drawn by power of *Phæbus* eyes,
Through the regions of the air,
From a thousand spices rare,
When to live the *Phoenix* dyes.

Print upon my lips a kiss,
Sweetness there much sweeter is,
Than the Musky gales that flye
Ore perfumed *Araby*.

Take their first Commencements here
In dammask Roses they appear,
On their Blushing leaves a scent,
Such as nature never lent,
To any lip but yours my dear.

Print upon my lips a kiss,
And for that ble give you this ;
This and that, and the other ;
And a fifth, and then another ;
Till their Audit do surpass
Mendips Sheep, or *Bunwells* grass,
Or rough *Severn* in its stream,
Hides no land can number them,
Which from mine to thine do pass.

Venus Looking-Glass.

2007

On the choice of his Mistress.

I Would not have a wench with fish or waste
As might be well with a thumbring embay'd
Whose bony hips, without on both sides stick,
Might serve for graters, and whose lean knees
prick;
One with a saw does in her back bone bear,
And in her Rump below carries a spear.
Nor would I have her yet of Bulk so grosse,
That weigh'd should break the scales at th' mar-
ket crosse.
A meer unfathom'd lump of grease, no that
Like they that will, 'tis Flesh I love, not fat.

The Platonick Love.

W Hat if our bodies cannot meet,
Loves sewel more divine;
The fixt stars by the twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.
False meercors do change their place
Though they shine faire and bright:
yet when they covet to embrace
Fall down and loole their light.

If

Years Looking-Glass.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away,
I'll take new fire on thine:
Thus while we shall preserve from
The flame of our desire,
No vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

On Silvia's Eyes and Breasts.

Silvia: on thy eyes I gazed;
When amazed
At their brightness,
On thy breasts I cast my look;
No less took
With their whiteness:
Both I justly did admire,
These all snow, and those all fire.

While these wonders I surveyed,

Thus I said

In suspence:

Nature

Nature could have done no less on

To express

Her Providence;

Than two such fair worlds, might

Hunt two stars to give them light.

A SONG.

Why didst thou over love me, tell
Thou cruel fair

Whole heart came there

To lodge a while, but not to dwell?

Did not my entertainment meet

Thy own desires,

Were not my fires

As hot, and every kiss as sweet?

Oh love! when first my lips are blest,

And I grew proud,

That they might shroud

Themselves upon her waxy breast.

It call'd on envie from thy own

Great state to see

Those joys by me

Possess which thou wouldst grasp alone.

But

But I no more will vex that Fate,
 nor dare to Love
 where he shall prove

A Rival, but repent and hate.

A health to his Mistress.

TO her whose beauty doth excell
 Story, I tosse these cups and sell
 Sobriety a sacrifice
 To the bright Lustre of her eyes,
 Each soul that sips there is divine,
 Her beauty defies the wine.

A SONG.

Love is blind and wanton.
 In the world theres scant one,
 Such another.
 No nor his Mother!
 He hath pluckt her doves and sparrows,
 To feather his sharp arrows,
 And alone prevaieth
 While sick *Venus* waileth.

But if Cypris once recover,
The wag it shall behove her,

To look better to him,

Or she will undoe him.

A BALLAD.

In Praise of Women

Full many a Ballad hath been made,
And railing Poem writ
Against poor Women, as if they had
of goodnels never a whit.

But ile prove it in spite of any mans nose
That ere writ against them in verse or in prose,
That some women are good : a hard task I have
chose,

That will ask a great deal of wit.

A young man once had got a fine lasse
he lov'd above all other,

Who for his sake did swear by the Mass,
she'd leave both Father & Mother,

But when sh'ed rings and gloyes severall paire
She quarrell'd and kick'd him down the staires :

Is not this girl good? to draw in young Heirs
And make a younger brother.

There

1121 *Venus Looking Glass.*

There is a poor friend of mine that is
wed

To one, who every titch
Cries out, she never had come to his
bed,

Had it not been for some Witch
She claws his face like any wild Cat,
And his eyes till he see no more then a
Bar;

This woman is excellent good (that's
Flat)

To cure a man of the Itch.

Some Women there are who will not
all night,

Permit you take any sleep,
To cure their itching appetite

Will make you not able to creep.
They live about noon, put on their
gay Clothes,

And away to a Feast how old
the world goes;

Such women are wondrous good (God
knows)

To hang, but not to keep.

Venus Looking Glass,

111

A woman I know that cannot endure
to eat unleis by stealth;
Her self in her closter she will immure,
and say tis for her health.
The Plover and Partridge is all her dyer,
Her husband eats beef when he can come
by it :
He maintain shoes good (who ever det
ny it,
to none but to her self.

Some are in Religion very profound,
and for the Gospel stickle;
They'll suddenly bring the Pope to the
ground,
though he be nere so mickle.
He'll as soon be laid on his back, they
ne re fear it,
As themselves when the Brothers are
mov'd by the Spirit,
They are heavenly good at the sport I
dare (if swear it)
after a Conventicle.

There's one sort whose freedoms such
you'll think y'ave got a measure,
I
Their

Their naked armes and breſts you may
touch,

and kisse them without measure.

But when to be at the main stake you'd begin.

By no means; they'll not shame them.
selves and their kin;

They're good to draw you on the guilt
of the sin

and ban you of the pleasure.

Some so affect to be in fame
pure and immaculate,

That if they hear but *Cupids* name
they are displeas'd, thereat.

If you touch but their hand, you have
pish and sic.

But offer to kiss, and for help they will

These women are purely good (ay I,

The Lord be knows for what.

The last I commend are high running
 alpses 1978

that all subjection scorn;

If their husbands displease them, they are

you think you've got a chance

There I They

Venus Looking-Glass. 115

They 'ad better lead on a forlorn;
But take a good cudgel to cure all this,
And apply't to their sides till you make
them pits:

You'll find that such women are not
much amiss

to breath a man well in a morn.

Now if any Poet can give more praise
Then I have done to smocks,
With all my heart he shall weare the
bayes,

and I will sit in the stocks :
If there be any will yet be so stout,
As to say they are all naught we will not
fall out

For to tell you the troth, I went about,
to maintain a Paradox.

Against Platonick Love.

'Tis true faire *Silvia* that by thee I live,
That every kifs, & every fond embrace,
Forms a new sou? within me, and doth
give

A balsome to the wounded made by thy
face.

yet still methinks I miss
 that bliss,
 which lovers dare not name,
 and only then described is,
 when flame doth meet with flame.

Those favours which do bless me every
 day,

are yet but empty and Platonical.
 Think not to please your servants with
 half pay.
 good gamesters never stick to throw at all
 who can endure to miss
 that bliss,

which lovers dare not name,
 and only then described is,
 when flame doth meet with flame.

If all those sweets within you must remain
 unknown and nere enjoy'd, like hid-
 den treasure

Nature as well as I will loose her name,
 And you as I your youthful pleasure.

we wrong our selves to miss
 that bliss,

which lovers dare not name,
 And

Venus Looking-Glass. 117

And only then described is
when flame doth meet with flame.

Our souls which long have peep at one
another,

Out of the narrow casements of our eyes
Shall now by love conducted meet to-
gether,

In sweet fruition where all pleasure lies,
and then we shall not miss,
that bliss

which lovers dare not name:
and only then described is
when flame doth meet with flame.

A SONG

Tell me no more that chastity
Mongst vestals did reside,

Or that in cels or cloisters she
doth chelly now abide:

Where nowes make chaste, it may be sed
An oath is rather kept then maiden-head

They that with bolted doors and spies,
From temptings are secured,

118 *From Looking-Glass.*

Or in their own deformities
More safely are immur'd:
Such virgins rather may be sed
Not to have lost, then kept their Maiden-
head.

Give me a girl whom gold doth move
Fit time and place allure,
That from her own warm temper to
Temptations doth endure;
If she stand firm, it may be sed,
That she hath truly kept her Maiden-
head.

On his Conscientious Mistress.

SONG A

— The word called conscience name to me
no more; **T**ell me no more
Why tis but what our Fathers did be-
fore; all this to do as I do
Had reverend age but stamp it for divine
To be chaste, if thy years had been **W**
backe. **A**nd now
The self same fear would seize upon thy
heart, **T**hey that told this sad
To keep the same thing as with it to part
Come

Come rise pee with Else begotten by

A Politician or simplicity.

As various as is *Arctur* and doth take

In all Religions a severall shape:

And serves in each as when the children

Or for a Bug-bear, or a Lullaby.

My dear be noble, if thy dazled eyes,

Do gaze and nist at heavens Mysteries,

Chuse not a private law crept in by

But universal crown'd by Heaven it self

The law of nature, which for what we do

Shall sign your warrants, and make con-

science to

On *Sylvias* Drinking.

Allst thou for Beer, know not the

Gods they ought,

To lend the *Nectar* for thy mornings

draught?

I'm sure the heavens do allow it you,

And sweet *Ambrosia* for your breakfast

How i'th surely this lazy *Amymed*

Sleeps

Sleeps still, and is not yet got out of bed;
 What not yet come, *silva*, by that face
 Ile turn the puny Butler out of place,
 And drain the Skies till there be no *Nectar*
 left;
 But what the Gods shall beg as almes
 from thee.

The Antiplatonick Song.

Now fie upon the peevish sect
 Of Virgous handsome women,
 who when they are wold to sport, object
 Honour a Heaven unto men;
 The attributes of chaste and cold
 Become the ugly and the old;
 But she whose face is faire, her mind
 May best adorne, by being kind.
 The cruell beauty doth prevent,
 And frustrate natures end;
 Or is a loathed instrument
 To plague men who offend;
 All fruits their sweetness have to feast
 The taste; and when they doe are blest.
 But thers accurst that do invite

And

And tantalize the appetite?

Did the Celestial lamps alone

Without an influence,

Appear but to be gazed upon,

They'd gain small honour thence;

They're not ador'd for their bright show

But, cause they warm and mix below,

So heavenly Beauties both inspire

With wonder, and content desire.

And may (my Sylvia) shine prove such,

Thus, being admired by me;

Let me enjoy it now as much,

And I will worship thee.

Now quickly say if I must be

Thy Martyr, or thy votary :

For thou to me canst prove no less

Then either Saint or Murderer.

The Surprizal.

T Heres no dallying with love

Though he be a child and blind;

Then let none the danger prove

Who would to himself be kind:

Smile

Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I sported;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd;
Had not Mistress, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd;
Till at last this love in Jest,
Proved in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my faire own first,
In a feigned fire I burn'd;
But true flames my poor heart pierce
When her eyes on mine she turn'd,
So a reall wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

Slighted love his Skill to show,
Strook me with a mortall Dart;
Then I learnt that 'gainst his Bow,
Vain are the weak helps of art.
And thus captiv'd found that true
Doth dissembled love pursue,
Cause his Fetters I disclaim'd,
Now the Tyrant faster bound me:

With more scorching brands inflam'd,

Cause in love so cold he found me

And my sighs more scalding made,

Cause with winds before they play'd

None who loves not then make shew,

I oves as ill deceiv'd as Fate:

Fly the Boy, heel cogg and woe:

Mock him, and he wounds thee strait.

Ah who dally, boast in vain

False love wants not recall'd pain.

Lovers Dallying

Come my pretty false ey'd maid,

And leave your crafty minding:

Thinkst thou'll be still delay'd,

With looks and words beguiling?

Call to mind how to thier day,

Thou gar'st loose, and ranst away:

But since I have caught thee now,

I'll clip thy wings from flying;

With my lips I'll teach thee how

I'll stop thy mouth from crying.

Sooner may'st thou tell the stars,

Or number hail down pouring,

Or count the mischeifs of late wars, W
 Or *Godwins* sands devouring,
 Then these melting kisses here
 Which thy tyred lips must bear:
 Such a harvest never hit
 So rich and full of pleasure;
 But tis spent in gathering it
 So fading is loves treasure,
 I wish it were midnight, now my love,
 And all the world were sleeping;
 And here some solitary Grove,
 Which no man had in keeping,
 For my designs would then be safe,
 And when thou weepst, then would I
 laugh.
 But if ought were taken ill,
 Love only should be blamed still,
 And thou my Saint unblam'd.
 But why do we no further move,
 But spend our times in kisses?
 Lets begin the fight of love,
 I'll plunder to thy wishes,
Cupid nothing more despights
 Than our slacknesse in his rights,
 Fear not feeble *Hymens* rod,
 Which calls us first to Marry.

Venus Looking Glass.

129

For aged men make him a God,
Whose cold desire could tarry.

The Lovers inconstancy.

IF any beauty constant make mee,
Tis more her honour so to take me,
I love to change, by Jove, and must
Unto my liberty be just:
And why should any be so shy
To shun me for inconstancy?
Since if a beauty constant make me
Tis more her honour so to take me.

It argues beauty in the height
To make a crooked Lover straight,
And tis a miracle more high
To make my heart all constancy.
Therefore if any constant make me
Tis more her honour so to take me.

To stay a stone that still doth stand
Is easie work for any hand:

But tis a matter much more high
To stop an Eagle in the Sky.

Therefore

Therefore if any constant make me
Tis more her honour so to take me.

But why should any think it strange
that I should for the better change,
will any that have wit or eyes,
not alter for a better prize?

Then if a beauty constant make me,
tis more her honour so to take me.

Come then dear Mistresses that faine
the prize of beauty would obtain.
settle my waton wavering minde
by Carreasing and being kind.

For she that can ere constant make me,
has got the honour: let her take me.

The Resolve.

Tush! Love or say thou wilt not
I'm content?

'tis but an hour idle spent,
and e'ne that's all,

what ever chance befall:

mine eager Love
admits no lingring stay.

nor will I vainly
talk the time away.

tell me thou canst not love & ile be gone
i've other mistresses to wait upon.

Veris Looking-Glass.

Give me the buxom lass whose wonted
warmer spright.

likes and loves at the first sight!

my minde requires
the freedome of desires.

like busy Bees

that court the youthfull field,

and ravish all

the sweets, the Virgins yeild.

So giddy love (sooth'd in his wanton play)
takes here and there a touch, but then away.

Song.

And prythy why (my *Delia*) dost thou move
my forward heart, not to proceed in love?

alas! it cannot be

my lovers thee divinest she

burnes with a fire

cannot breath higher

nor shall expire:

For should I once this high blown flame let fall
my warmed heart

being taught the smart

would learn the art

never to love at all.

perhaps twas pitty mov'd thee to complain,
and thou might think so to redress my pain.

but oh I good faith not I!

ill never try that remedy:

but will endure loves Calenture

and not thy cure:

For

Venus Looking Glasse.

For know my love soars with so high a
'tis pride in me (wing,
rather to be
a slave to thee
then be anothers King.

3

Then chide not (dearest fair) my passions
heat,
Soldiers in love must never make retreat
what though the fates decree
thou must not be
a mate for me;
and Love conspire
to cheat desire,
with single fire.
Yet let me burn and die, that I may see,
what Joys they prove
ith' Elyzian grove,
that over love,
and dye for such as thee.

A Song against Jelousy.

Cupid with left hand shot awry,
His bow did start his arrows fly
Most commonly too low or high,
And failed in his Archery.

Or if he hit the mark, I fear
That all his arrows poysoned were,
In leu of love did frency bear,
For Jelousies no other are.

If lovers needs must Jealous be
And from such venome nere be free,
Then sie upon't, my Prayer shall be
From love, *Good Lord deliver me.*

A Song in praise of a Scold.

He that marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has most cause to be merry:
For when shees in her fits, he may cher-
ish his wits
By singing hey down derry.
Hey down, down derry down &c.

He that marries a merry Lass,

He has most cause to be sad :

For let her go free in her merry tricks she

Will work his patience mad.

But he that marries a Scold &c.

He that weds with a roaring Girle

That will both scratch and bite,

Though he studdy all day to make her
away

Will be glad to please her at night.

But he that marries a Scold &c.

He that copes with a sullen wench

That scarce will speak at all,

Her doggedness more then a scold or a
whore,

Will perpetrate his Gall.

But he that marries a Scold &c.

He thats matcht with a turtle dove

That has no spleen about her,

Shall waste so much life in the love of
his wife,

He were better be without her.

But he that marries a Scold &c.

Dispraise

Dispraise of Love.

IF Love be life, I long to die,
Live they that list for me :
And he that gaines the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.
But he that fees the forest fits
Scrapes with no less then loss of wits,
Unhappy life they gain,
which love do entertain,

In day by feigned looks they live ;
By lying dreams in night ,
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each smile a false delight.
Ist hap their Lady pleasant seem,
It is for others love they deem.
If void she seems of joy,
disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the pear that Lovers find.
Such is the life they lead,
Blown here & there with every wind,
like flowers in the mead.

Now war, now peace, now war again,
Desire, despair, delight, disdain.

Though dead, in midst of life,
In peace, and yet at strife.

The Anatomie of Love.

NOW what is love; I pray thee tell
It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that sounding bell
That toles all into heaven or hell,
And this is love as I here tell.

NOW what is love, I prethy say?
It is a work on holy day,
It is December match'd with May
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Here ten moneths after of their play
And this is love as I here say.

NOW what is love, I prethy faine,
It is a sunshine mixt with rain,
It is a gentle pleasing pain,
A flower that dies, and springs again.

It is in Faith that would full faine,
And this is love, and not a stain.

Yet what is love, I prethy say
It is a pretty shaddowy way,
As well found out by night as day
It is a thing will soon decay:
Then take the vantage while you may
And this is love as I here say.

Now what is love, I prethy show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go,
A prize that passeth two and fro
A thing for one, a thing for moe
And he thal proves shall find it so.
And this is some sweet friend I crow

Amorous Oaths

FAirest, you murder my desires,
Which yet, to none but you aspires

I swear by your fair eyes, that are
More splendid then the Sun by far.

Now war, now peace, now war again,
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain.
 Though dead, in midst of life,
 In peace, and yet at strife.

The Anatomie of Love.

NOW what is love; I pray thee tell
 It is that fountain and that well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
 It is perhaps that sounding bell
 That toles all into heaven or hell,
 And this is love as I here tell.

NOW what is love, I prethy say?
 It is a work on holy day,
 It is December match'd with May
 When lusty bloods in fresh array
 Here ten moneths after of their play
 And this is love as I here say.

NOW what is love, I prethy faine,
 It is a sunshine mixt with rain,
 It is a gentle pleasing pain,
 A flower that dies, and springs again.

It is in Faith that would full faine,
And this is love, and not a stain.

Yet what is love, I prethy say
It is a pretty shaddowy way,
As well found out by night as day
It is a thing will soon decay:
Then take the vantage while you may
And this is love as I here say.

Now what is love, I prethy show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go,
A prize that passeth two and fro
A thing for one, a thing for moe
And he that proves shall find it so.
And this is some sweet friend I trow

Amorous Oaths

FAirest, you murder my desires,
Which yet, to none but you aspires

I swear by your fair eyes, that are
More splendid then the Sun by far.

I swear by my own heart and soul,
Which you imperiously controul.

I swear by your own sweetness, which
Does all my faculties bewitch.

I swear by your disdain and scorn,
Intollerable to be born.

I swear by all that amorous fire,
Which makes men love you & admire.

By all my hopes, and all my fear,
And all my hot desires I swear.

I swear by your fair self that is,
The Center of my happiness.

I swear by all that life affords
And yet you credit not my words.

In praise of little Women.

IN praise of little women I begin
And will maintain what I have enterd in
Is not your Parochet or Marmoset

In more request then your Baboon or
Parret.

Give but your little wench freely her
liquor,

And to bed send her, you will find her
quicker,

Pearter, nimble, both to kiss and cogg.

Then your great wench that will ly like
a logg.

And he that all day at the drum doth
labour,

Would at night gladly play upon a tabor.

I hope ther's no man but of this belief,

That veals more sweet and nourishing
then beef.

Small meat is still preferd, for ask your
Glutton,

He'l alwayes say, Lambs sweeter then
your Mutton.

Your smelt then whiting, firmer is and
founder,

Nor must your place compare with
your neat flounder.

In fish or flesh ile prove it to each wight

A Larks leg better is then a whole Kite.

And who but knows our Bakers alwayes
make

The

The finest flower in the lesser cake,
And ile be judge by those that roots do
eat,

That your small Turneps better then
your great.

who list to be resolv'd let them both try
In that belief ile live in that ile die,

A SONG.

THe thirsty earth sucks in the rain
Gapes and sucks for drinke again
The trees and plants sucks in the ayre,
With often drinking fresh and faire.

The Sea you little think
hath not much cause to drink
yet at one sup

Swallows ten thousand Rivers up.

The Sun as you may plainly guess
By his improved face no less.

Drinks up the Sea, when he hath done

The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun

The Stars and Planets with delight

Dance and riple all the night,

Nothing in natures empty found

But

But an eternal health runs round.

Fill all the Goblets, fill them high,

Fill all the glasses that stand by.

Since all are drunk then why not I,

Thou man of mortals tell me why?

A SONG.

NOW th' affaires of the State are al-
ready decreed,

Make Rome for th' affaires of the
Court;

Imployment and pleasure each other
succeed,

Because they each other support.

*Were Princes confin'd from slacking their
minde,*

*From the affaires that are ruffled and
curl'd*

*A Crown would appear too heavy to wear
And no man would govern the world.*

To our Monarch we owe what ere we
enjoy,

And ho grateful Subjects are those,

Who

133 Venus Looking Glass.

Who will not the freedom he gave
them employ
to contribute to his repose.
Were Princes confin'd &c.

The Gods themselves who have power
enough

In diversions are various oft,
The employment of Princes being st ub-
born and rough,

Their internals ought to be soft.
*Were Princes confirm'd from slacking
their mind*

*From the affairs that are ruffled and
curl'd,*

A Crown would appear too heavy to wear
And no man would govern the world,

On bad Women.

— **D**Efine a woman! who can do't?
Lest you put the Devil to't?
He that first she yielded to,

Best know show with her to do.
To their trecherous smiles he's known,
And promotes them as his own:

They

Venus Looking Glass.

They can turn as he can do
Devils into *Angels* hue.

When they *prattle* he directs them;
When they *Rant* it he protects them;

In all points of *Sophistry*

They are skill'd as well as he,
When *they* make themselves so *trim*,

What doe they but even act him?

Not for *Aire* their *Breasts* are bare,
But some *poor soul* to ensnare.

For the spots upon their faces,
Tell you what the t'other place is:

And when for some *prey* he watches,
He lies sculking in their patches.

Since then they so well agree,
Pitty they should parted be.

The Lovers constancy.

When Rocks remove, and rivers
backwards run,
When marble melts, and Glowworms
dimms the Sun,
And when impossibilities are done,
Then may my heart my *Amaryllis* shun.

When it is known what is Eternity,
When Gnats ore Eagles gets the
victory,

When fire doth freeze, and the vast
Oceans dry

Then may my love to *Amaryllis* die.

When Swans and Snow are meta-
morphos'd black ,

When Starrs do fall, and the two
Poles do crack :

When loving Turtles do their Mates
forsake,

Then may my love to *Amaryllis* flake.

When in the *Orient* Sun and Starrs do
set

When mortals in a bag the wind do
get :

When steel the attracting Loadstone
will not meet,

Them *Amaryllis*, may I thee forget.

When ships do sail full gainst the bluf-
tring winde,

When light is darkness, Angels are
unkind ,

When

When Heavens dissolve, and time an end
does find,

Then *Amaryllis*, thou art out of mind.

A SONG.

Fortune is blind',
and beauty unkind,
the Devil take um both :

one is a Witch ,

and t'others a Bitch ,

in neithers faith nor troth :

theres hazard in a hap,

deceit in a lap,

but no fraud in a brimmer :

if truth in the bottom lie,

thence to redeem her,

Wee'l drain a whole Ocean dry.

Honour's a toy :

for fooles a decoy ?

beset with care and fear ;

and that (I wuss)

kills many a puss ,

before her Clymackt year ;
 but freedom and mirth
 create a new birth ,
 while Sack is the Aqua vitæ ,
 that vigour and spirit gives :
 liquor almighty ?
 whereby the poor mortal lives.

Let us be blithe
 in spite of Death's Sythe ?
 and with a heart and halfe
 drink to our friends,
 and think of no ends
 but keep us sound and safe ?
 while healths do go round ,
 no malady's found,
 the maw sick in the morning,
 for want of its wonted strain,
 is as a warning
 to double it ore again.

Let us maintain
 our traffique with Spain

Venus Looking-Glass.

143

and both the Indies slight;
give us their wines,
let them keep their mines,
weel pardon eighty eight:
theres more certain wealth
secur'd from stealth
in one Pipe of Canary,
then in an unfortunate Isle:
let us be wary
we do not out selves beguile.
that he is a fool who loves & is not loved.

A SONG.

When I a lover pale do see,
Ready to faint and sickish be,
With hollow eyes and cheeks so thin,
As all his face his nose and chin.

When such a Ghost I see in pain,
Because he is not lov'd again;
And pale and faint, and swoond, & cry,
Oh! theres your loving fool say I.

For love with love should be repaid,
And equally on both sides laid:

Love

144 *Venus* Looking-Glass.

Love is a load a Horse would kill
If it do hang on one side still.

But if he needs will be so fond,
As rules of reason go beyond;
And love when he's not lov'd again,
Faith let him take it for his pain.

To the memory of his dear friend Mr.
Joseph Price, one of the late Actors
of his Highness the Duke
of Yorks house.

Light me a torch, light it to such a
flame,
As nere to be extinct to my friends name.
Tis lighted, and tis kindled from a fire
Of gratitude that never can expire.
Ah but the fates inexplorably bent
To mischief man, to ruine his content.
Have put it out, as if it were no crime
To snatch *to*. from his friends before his
time.
Amongst them drooping Hymeneus
note,
Who for's sad purple tears his saffron
coat, And

And trails his torch through the starry
hall,

Revers'd at's Darlings early Funerall,
Envies just Zenith, view the torch next
burn :

As if some Ghostly spright approach'd
his Urn.

It waxeth blew, tapers not to that hight
As when his dearest spouse gave it first
light,

No tis obscurd; for since sad widdow she
Hath wept it out, who is all elegie.

She like a right Platonick feign would
wed

His soul, though not his body to her bed.
He fir't again and to the world he show
what she to love doth, I to freindship ow,
Oh Heavens tis once more out the divine
powers.

As with her sorrows, deluge it with ours.
Most rigorous Fares, this is your envi-
ous sport,

To make those lives that are most sweet
most short.

Again He fir't, he fire it at that love;
The destinies from thee can neer remove.

I could there light it where thou first
took'st breath,

Or there inflame it where we sighed
thy death,

when like a Paphian rose but newly thrust
Out of thy green bed, thou didst blast
to dust,

Or at that honoured stage light it for thee
Who living wert thy self her comedy,
Which thou no sooner trodst then thy
loved sight

Was the spectators pleasure and delight
where thou another Paris pleadst defence
Oth actors every grace and excellence.
The argument of the subject was in thee
Contracted as its best Epitome.

weep Ladies weep, lament *in*. *Prices* fall
The stage wears black for his sad funerall,
where some had smaller parcells of their
Art.

But most paid his youth tribute for
their part,

For his quick mind could suddainly
disperse,

It self alwayes through actions uniuersel.

And whatsoere into it once did pass,
Though writ in water, did remain in
brass.

Oh Heavens the dull Phlegmarick lives
his day,

And on times wheel sticks like Remora.
While those of growth more sudden
and more bold.

Are hurried hence as if already old.

On earth the finest things fade soonest,
there

Ill boding Meteors the most long lived
are.

But tis no wonder, so the rare flowers
fail,

As soon as blown sweet spices most
exhale.

Fair shining Gems too frequently are
crackt,

A richly laden Vessel soonest wrackt.

Ah me hee's crush'd ith bud, with Ja.

Price died,

The glory of our youth, the actors pride
To whom the God of Scenes rendred
such praise,

As when he pursued Love and catched
the Bays.

Come noble Nymphs drop sorrows
Pearls apace

Into his sepulchre, and on that place
Sweet flowers plant to emblemize
and show,

His sweeter graces for whose sake they
grow.

And cause his fresh grave visited to be,
As a rare garden, and rich Treasury.

Whilst I rekindle my torch at friendships
breast,

Friendships a true immortal Phoenix nest
And as the Arabian bird in spices burnes
Our Vestall flames shall stellifye by
turnes,

On the death of Mr. K. his young
son and Heir, who dyed in the
first year of his age,

POor Boy / whose infant and short
lived breath,
Thus in the morning of thy life grim
death,
Stopt with his fatall hand; perhaps affraid
Thy pretty word his sentence might
have staid.
If he had spar'd thee till thy childish
noise,
Had grown to a mature, articulate voice.
So the sharpe nipping frost, e're sol-
doth rise,
Ith early dawn, young tender buds
destroys;
Young tender buds, whose verdure do
declare,
Expected fruit in the declining year.
In thy pale cheeks the crimson June's
not now,
The June of Roses, which did sometime

110 View Looking Glass.

A withered December there remains
And Deaths cold winter there in state
now reigns.

This was a fatal year to thee, which
gave

Both a soft cradle and a silent grave.

Thy life less falling head (oh pity!) now
Doth on thy feeble neck declining bow.
Even for the weightier heads of poppies
stoop.

And on their bending stalkes do mourn-
ing droops.

After the looser clouds have down

remain,
Sent their moist issue a great shower of
rain,

Thy sometime sparkling eye serenely
bright,

The envious clouds of an eternal night

Have darkned & clos'd thy brighter eye
Of thy sad Parents the Epitomy.

Now thy vermilion lip is cold and pale
And no warm breath (sweet Zephyrs)
doth exhale:

First Looking-Glass.

151

By ruder hands when gathered, Roses
sod;

After a day or twoes short space doe
show.

Thy harmfuls Toul hath only left the
Maze

Of tedious life, Meanders now to gaze

On the illustrious angels, or to see

Pure innocence and spotlesse charity.

Or's into Cytherea's bosom flown,

Who doubtles thee will for a Cupid
own.

Rest quietly in thy silent urne, whilst
we,

Wish to partake of thy felicity.

Epigram on Dr. Bond.

Doctor *Bond* to avoyd all further strife,

Riding before turn'd back to kils his wife

And was not Dr. *Bond* then wondrous
kinde,

Riding before to kils his wife behind.

Venus Looking-Glass.

Epitaph on Bernard.

If Heaven be pleas'd when men do
cease to sinne,
And Hell be pleas'd when it a soul doth
winne.

If men be pleas'd when they have lost
a knave,
Then all are pleas'd, heres Bernard in
his grave.

F I N I S.